

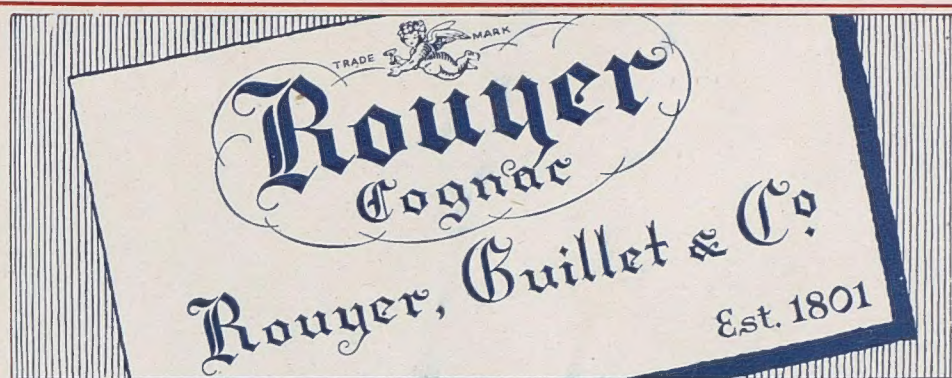
The TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2034

London
June 19, 1940



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM



ROSS'S BELFAST
Lime Juice Cordial
A cool, clean drink—
blends perfectly with gin.



ROYAL BATH HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH
PHONE 5555
HOLIDAYS
IN SUNSHINE
AND SAFETY

Depend on obtaining the Best

Presta
MINERAL WATERS

Have no equal
ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

**THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP**

Old boys and girls in great numbers are serving the Empire in the present struggle. Please send a gift to help train 1,100 poor children to be useful citizens

FINANCIAL HELP AND LEGACIES
URGENTLY NEEDED

(FOUNDED 1843)

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**
Grand Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch Whisky Distillers. Leith Glasgow, London.

A measure of good cheer

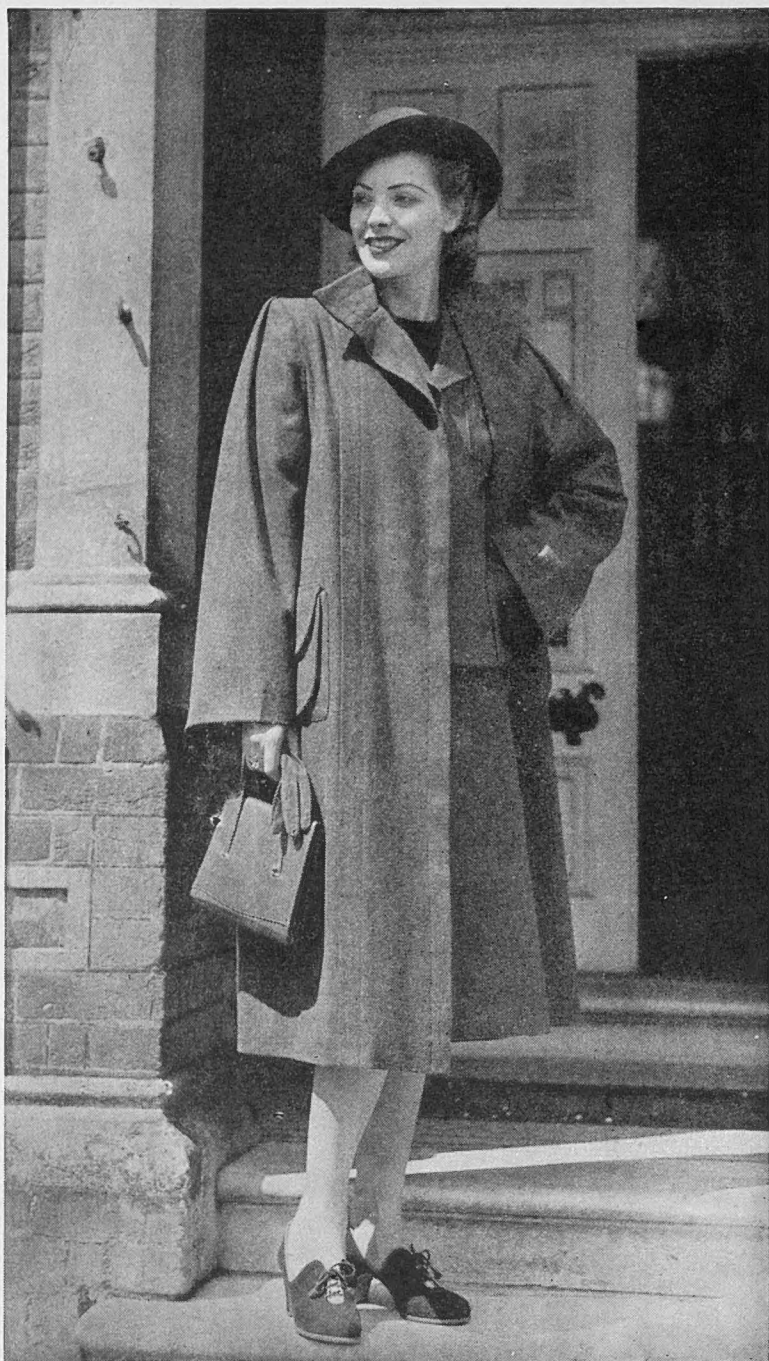
JOHN JAMESON

★★★ WHISKEY

Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH



A Burberry topcoat and suit in moss green overcheck Saxony.

The topcoat has expanding patch pockets. The new bell-shaped sleeves are relieved with bold stitching.

The jacket has four large patch pockets.

Many other attractive Burberry models are on view at Haymarket.

WHEN WRITING FOR PARTICULARS
PLEASE QUOTE No. D.7

HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.1

LTD.

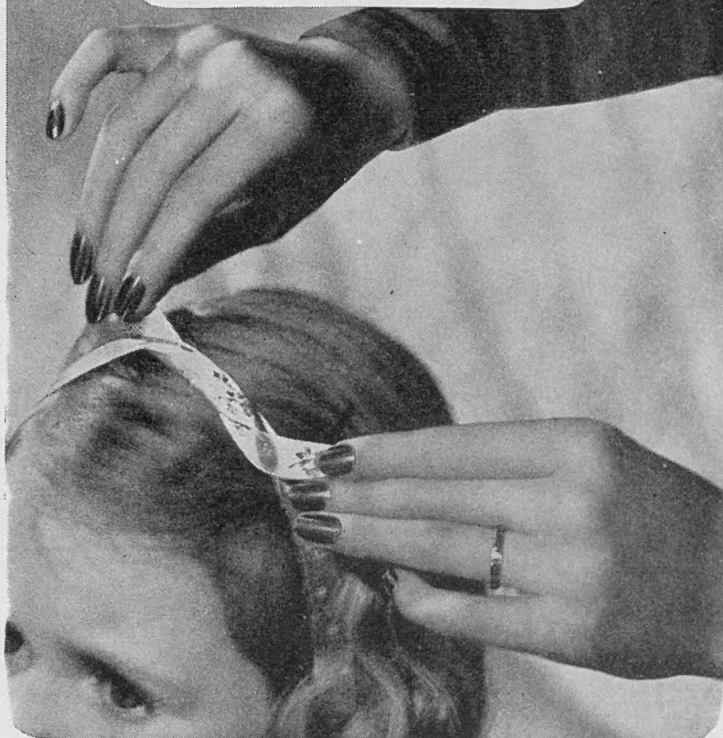
Burberry

*Grams: BURBERRY, LESQUARE, LONDON

Telephone: WHITEHALL 3343

WAR-TIME FINGER-TIPS

BY PEGGY SAGE



Thousands of once leisurely hands are busy now, washing and dressing little evacuees, driving ambulances, washing up dishes, changing tyres . . . and the question of a suitable nail polish has been a vital one. WEAR . . . that is the most important quality of a war-time polish, says Peggy Sage. And that is why thousands of busy women are using Peggy Sage's famous polishes, simply because they wear like diamonds, chip, peel and flake - proof for days.

Peggy Sage has pale and colourless polishes for service wear; a range of lovely, creamy pastels for non-service war-work — and glowing, mischievous, dramatic colours for 'off-duty' hours. See the new colours in Peggy Sage's Stop Press. You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

FINGER-TIP STOP PRESS

*Peggy Sage's
latest colours
are :*

WHIMSY · SPRING FEVER
HOT PINK

★ *Peggy Sage* ★

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1 (at Corner of Grosvenor Street)

TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396

PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME

NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

THE TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2034

LONDON · JUNE 19 · 1940

Price: One Shilling

Postage: Inland 1½d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 2d.



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Yevonde, Berkeley Square

The uniform which Lady Louis Mountbatten is wearing in this picture is that of the St. John Ambulance Brigade of which she is London County President. Lady Louis is also an officer of the Kensington Nursing Division, and County President of Hampshire, in which her home, Broadlands, is situated. Lady Louis Mountbatten is also actively concerned in the depot which organizes supplies of comforts to the Royal Navy in which, as the world knows, Lord Louis Mountbatten is a captain.

How strenuous has been the Navy's job in this conflict is now glorious history

THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream
Our motley paper feizes for its theme."

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709



In Rural England

The cloudless dome of flaming June is fading, as I write, from the azure of afternoon, through the long, slow gloaming, to the sundown hour, when this one-shop village in the West of England takes on a martial aspect which the inhabitants find more exciting than the cinema five miles hence, and cheaper. Defensive Warfare 1940 is decidedly Wars of the Roses in tempo. Every one, including cats, dogs, hens, dusty toddlers and a knowing old gaffer in a high grey bowler, turns out to watch the parashots push a farm cart across the road, and stand to. These operations begin shortly after the nine o'clock news has ceased to boom the same words from half a dozen cottages, whose owners continue gardening as they listen, until the moment when, downing tools, they converge upon the highway, giving themselves up to that healthy Anglo-Saxon pastime—staring.

A contingent from farther afield arrives on bicycles, the fair-headed girls giggling, and the boys making what they believe to be tough gangster jokes, in the kindly, blurred accent of Hardy's Wessex. Our two parashots are tomato in the face, very self-conscious in uniform, and a little jealous of their dignity, so that when a close relation says "Look at Jarge" the object of this wholesome admiration looks away into the sky, to make it plain that he is all dressed up against the enemy, and not merely to gratify the neighbours.



Pooler, Dublin

THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY CAREW'S DAUGHTER

A picture taken after the ceremony in Celbridge Church, Kildare. On the left, Miss Molly Morrogh-Ryan, a godmother, the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, Lord and Lady Carew's son, and Lady Carew with the infant, Diana Sylvia.

We can see who's on to-night by reading the notices pinned to a telegraph post, and boldly signed in blue chalk by the local magnate, whose approach on foot, carrying an alpenstock, preceded by a spaniel and followed dutifully by his wife in a dinner dress, is the top of the evening's performance. While the L.M. makes sure the farm cart has been well and truly stood across the road, and decorated with red lanterns (which any one can see at a glance is the case), the first motorist to reach the barricades is usually observed, braking cautiously. No need to challenge before he stops and proffers his *bona fides*, to be signed on magniloquently by a wave of the rifle. The arc inscribed by one village marksman so alarmed me that I took cover in our cabbage patch, whence one can observe the defences without being exposed to their fire. I heard a woman ask a man if there are parashots in his village, too. After giving an affirmative, he added: "They're very loyal over our way." A nice phrase.

With the W.V.S.

A friend writes: "I had an incredibly interesting and heartening time working at Guildford Station, feeding the troops as they came through from France. Their spirit was unbelievable. Some were so weary they could not speak, but managed to smile 'Thank you,' others were literally starving. They were nearly all bearded and thoroughly grubby, but

(Continued on page 446)



AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY STONEHAVEN'S GRANDDAUGHTER

The infant is the daughter of the Hon. Robert Greville and Mrs. Baird; the father, who is serving in the R.A.F., being Lord and Lady Stonehaven's second son. The ceremony was in Dunkeld Cathedral, Perthshire, and the child was given the names of Rinalda Malvina. Mrs. Baird, who was married last year, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacGregor of Cardney, Perthshire. The names in the group are, l. to r.: the Duke and Duchess of Atholl, Miss Gurnay, Mrs. Alexander MacGregor, the Hon. Robert Greville and Mrs. Baird with the baby: Mr. Alexander MacGregor (behind), the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and Major Evan MacGregor. The name of the lady at the back was not communicated

AIR MARSHAL

SIR ARTHUR

LONGMORE

K.C.B., D.S.O.

A.O.C.-in-C.

MIDDLE EAST

A

Portrait Study

by

Sir Wm.

Rothenstein

This portrait, in sepia chalk, is one of several by Sir William Rothenstein, recommended by the Artists' Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Information for official purchase. The ministry have now a large collection of war pictures commissioned by the service departments, including some striking portraits by Eric Kennington

He is a New South Wales born man and was one of the first four naval pilots. He holds the oldest pilot's certificate in the R.A.F., No. 72, dating from mid-1911. With a two thousand miles radius the Air Arm which Sir Arthur Longmore commands, overshadows the Mediterranean, and ashore is served by generally good flying country from sandy desert to tropical forest. The Air Marshal is admirably suited by temperament to command in a region where Dominion troops are in large numbers, for his easy manner makes him very popular with all ranks. Before taking up his present appointment he had the Training Command at home and before that again the Imperial Defence College. Sir Arthur Longmore was originally a sailor by trade, a late Lieutenant - Commander, R.N., all through the last scrap including the Battle of Jutland



The Home Front

(Continued from page 444)

they were all ready to go and fight back, after a good sleep. It was terrible to see the haunted expression in some of their eyes. But on the whole one could not believe they had been through such a ghastly time—the essentially English merriment still predominated. Their loathing for those Belgians who let them down was almost fanatical, and not to be wondered at.

The people of Guildford and round about were enormously generous. I simply cannot guess how much was spent during the first days of the month. One bill was for £50 for a thousand gallons of lemonade! But we collected ample to pay for all the treating. And I wish some of our Paris friends could have seen the joy and appreciation of the *poilus*—wonderful, quiet men.

Our W.V.S. job this week is giving a hand to the local defence volunteers, and making preparations for refugees from bombed towns. Always something new; many heartaches for those bereaved, much work for every willing hand. So it goes on."

Americans' War Effort

It is not only in England that good-hearted helpers go to the succour of tired troops at railway stations; at 10 Bd. du Montparnasse, Mrs. C. C. Curtis (whose husband went to the front with the first section of the U.S. Field



CHRISTENING AT WYKEHAM ABBEY

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Scott's second son was christened in the open air in the Abbey Garth at Wykeham Abbey, Yorkshire, the lovely home of Lord and Lady Downe, and was given the names Ian Archibald George. Mrs. Scott, who was well known before her marriage in 1937 as the Hon. Ruth Dawnay, has been staying for some time at her brother's house. Mrs. Shelling, a sister of Lady Downe, was the godmother

Service) has organized fifty beds and breakfasts for peasant soldiers passing through Paris without funds. This address is also her headquarters for sending out four hundred parcels a week, and materials to villagers all over France who make them up into comforts and clothes for the families of poor soldiers. She wants gifts of cotton or woollen clothing materials, or money, and hopes some who have enjoyed rural holidays in France will answer her appeal.

In New York Mrs. George Repton (the former Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston) is running bridge parties and such like for British war charities, while those Paris-Americans who sought greater safety in their native States have resurrected the Paris Monday Club (founded by Comte Charles Benoist d'Azy in the gay days when dances at *Les Ambassadeurs* united the members) and are working hourly for France. Among international well-knowns involved are "Gracie" de Mun, Mrs. John Ryan (whose brother-in-law is Colonel John Marriott, Scots Guards), the John Moffatts, the Joseph Pulitzers (for whom no grouse will fly this year), the André Lords and Gloria Swanson, but there are so many on the various lists sent by a war-worker correspondent in New York, that it would take almost as many pages as the Social Register to include every name.

"Bundles for Britain" is one of the biggest organizations. The New York office has grown from six to seventy-two volunteers, and there is a branch in every State of the Union. Over three thousand American women are knitting for it. Everything pertaining to the organization was a willing gift, including the telephone, the rent, the heating, the light and the cleaning. The Cunard

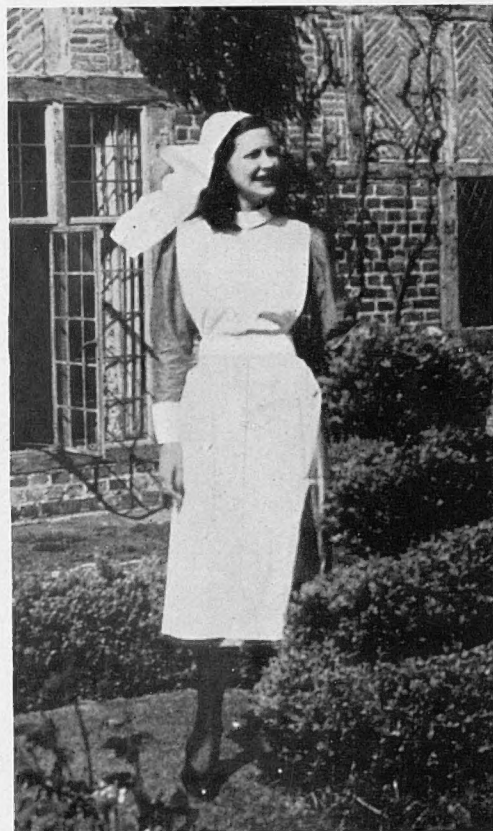
White Star carries the bundles to Britain free of freight, and Mrs. Winston Churchill helps to distribute them. Up to the end of May they had shipped thirty-two tons of knitted comforts alone. Gerald Brockhurst, who is still portrait painting in the United States, gave a blank canvas for which the raffle tickets were only one dollar. As he gets as much as ten thousand dollars for a full-length we can picture the rush to subscribe.

There are a number of Scots-Americans in the movement, including Miss Betty Stewart-Richardson who is related to Lady Cromartie and to the Duke of Sutherland, and Mrs. Murray Mackintosh. Mr. William V. C. Ruxton, formerly a master of foxhounds in Dorset, Mrs. Carman Messmore (ex-Londoner Leonora Hight) and the Duchess of Leinster are daily helpers, and again the list is a yard long and includes Arthur Bradley Campbell, the late Lady Huntly's son, and the Hon. James. W. Gerard, that Grand Old Man who was American ambassador to Germany until 1917. It is good to realize the Allies have many staunch workers beyond the Atlantic.

Irish-American Alliance

The marriage between Lord and Lady Glentoran's youngest daughter, Patricia, and Mr. A. M. MacKinnon of the Fleet Air Arm, only son of Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon, of New York, was among those arranged to take place as

(Continued on page 450)



MRS. RALPH HANKE "OFF DUTY"

Mrs. Ralph Hanke, here seen wearing the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, is evidently "off duty" for the time being and enjoying the "unwarlike" weather to the hilt at her lovely seventeenth-century home near leafy Lingfield in Surrey. Before her marriage she was Miss June Child, daughter of Mrs. d'Avila de Peña



MRS. DAVID PHILIPS WITH HER SON TIMOTHY

Mr. and Mrs. David Philips have a delightful sixteenth-century cottage at Brockham Green, Betchworth. Mrs. Philips before her marriage in 1936 was Miss Daphne Duke, daughter of Captain Percy Duke, the one-time famous Rugby player. She is now working as a Red Cross nurse at the East Surrey Hospital and looks after her son Timothy in all her available spare time



LADY KATHERINE HOWARD MARRIED

The marriage took place on June 7 at Everingham Park, York, of Mr. Anthony Phillips, K.D.G.s, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Phillips, of Oldbury Grange, Nuneaton, Warwick and Lady Katherine Fitzalan-Howard



WEDDING OF LORD GORT'S DAUGHTER

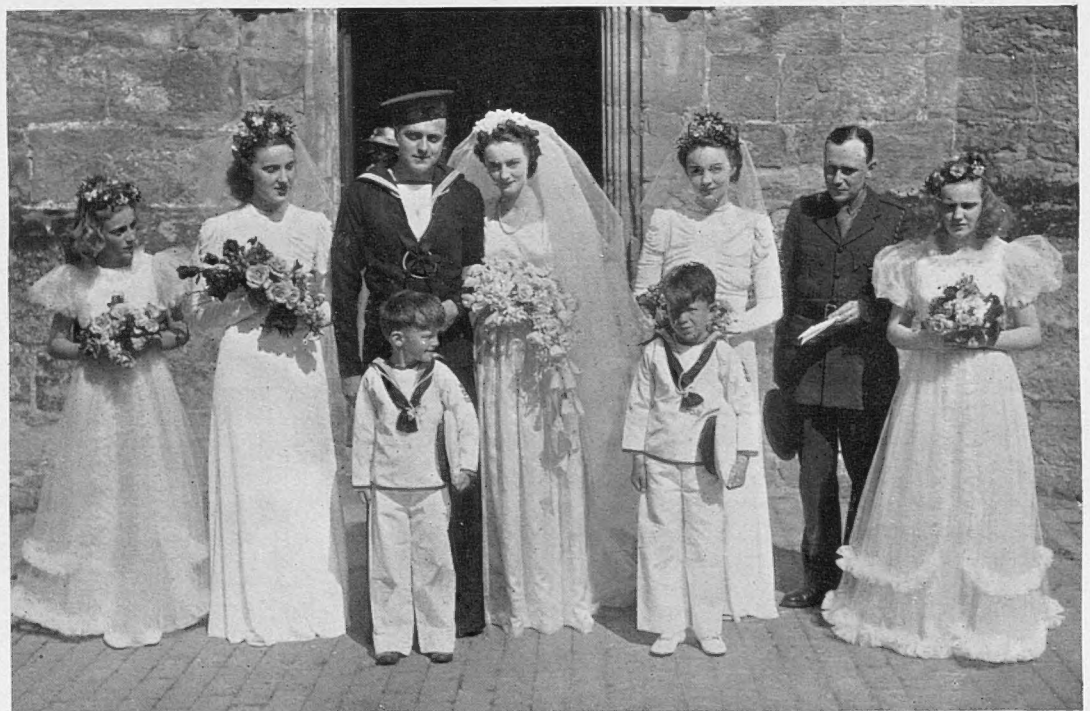
A picture of the Commander-in-Chief with his daughter Jacqueline and son-in-law, Captain William Philip Sidney, Grenadier Guards, after their marriage at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on June 8. Lord Gort was in command of a battalion of the Grenadiers when he won his V.C. in 1918 at Flesquières, near Cambrai

THREE NOTABLE SERVICE WEDDINGS



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK
AND HIS DAUGHTER

The Duke of Norfolk got back from Dunkirk with the B.E.F., just in time to give away his sister, Lady Katherine Fitzalan-Howard, at her marriage to Mr. Phillips. His two-year-old daughter, Anne, was a bridesmaid



SUSSEX BRIDAL GROUP

Mr. David Hastings Russell, R.N.V.R., youngest son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, and Miss Hester Clere Parsons, younger daughter of the Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Parsons, of Newick Lodge, Newick, Sussex, were married by the bride's father at St. Mary's, Newick, on June 8. With the bride and bridegroom in this group are Dugald Boyd and Nicholas Debenham (pages), Anne Parsons and Primrose Furneaux (child bridesmaids), Miss Agnes and Miss Hetty Parsons (two grown-up attendants) and Lieutenant Cosmo Russell (best man)

EGYPT AND LIBYA AT WAR

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

“OUT of Libya something evil always comes.”

That was the opinion expressed by Aristotle, and four centuries after him Pliny found himself in agreement and repeated the accusation.

Certainly, at the present moment the hot sand storms are blowing out of Libya to scorch the Egyptians, and no doubt, other evils will arise from there.

The glittering prizes to be found in the Nile valley have ever through the long centuries attracted the invader. With years Egypt has increased her prizes together with her strategic importance. She has also altered her geography. It has been said that geography is the only factor in war which does not change. Surely the construction of the Suez Canal proves this judgment a fallacy, for this vital canal, by joining the Pacific to the Mediterranean, has completely rejuvenated these parts. It is now the only life line leading to Italian East Africa. Egypt finds herself the guardian of this waterway and with our assistance has taken adequate steps to protect it.

In 1914 the invasion of Egypt came out of the east when Turkey, under German leadership, raided her eastern frontiers. The direction of danger is now reversed. We find a friendly Turkey awaiting her great decision on our northern flank while this time our enemy faces us from the west.

In this barren Italian colony of Libya are now collected 200,000 white troops, to which must be added a considerable force of native auxiliaries. Into this sandy waste Signor Mussolini has poured money, supplies, colonists, hard work and on top of it all, Marshal Balbo. Their ports of Tobrukh, Derna and Benghazi and Tripoli, the capital, have been improved in that spectacular way so loved by the Fascists, and they have been connected by a grand road running along the entire coast. The Italians have indeed garnished the corpse, for Libya remains a costly liability. It so lacks water that it is unproductive. Particularly is water scarce this spring and summer. The hot sand remains sand and produces little. Mussolini never tires of complaining that “all he is ever offered by the Allies is more and still more sand.” It is true he has had a lot of it. His Italian Eritrea and Somaliland also abound with it.

These empty wastes did not always cover the African coast. A rich civilization, with cultivation and trees, has existed there. Petrified forests with sharp tree trunks of solid rock protrude here and there. No doubt the same neglect of the soil has produced those same conditions, and for the same reasons, which we now see gradually forming in the middle west of America. One can still see the remains of Roman villas dotting the coast line and did not even the distant oasis of Siwa attract Alexander the Great?

So here Libya lies, ever thirsty, between French Tunis and the western desert, which separates her from the fertile Nile. Extensive Italian fortifications have arisen on either frontier. On the west facing the large French garrison of Tunis, and on the east facing the Anglo-

Egyptian army. In which ever direction the Italians may decide to strike, they must reckon with assaults being made on their rear while they do so, by the French or ourselves.

If their ambitions lead them to advance on the Nile, they will first be faced with nearly 350 miles of inhospitable desert. They will be confronted by modern fortifications, in this desert and at both ends of it. Many of these new works resemble the Maginot Line by the nature of their underground construction, and the difficulty of locating them even in these flat spaces. At the far end of their journey across this desert the Italians would meet a network of substantial canals protecting the lower Nile, Alexandria and Cairo. It is true that this desert is no longer the barrier it used to be. The introduction of mechanical vehicles and aeroplanes has caused a sudden shrinkage—but this certainly applies to both sides in this contest. Along the coast from Alexandria to Mersa Matruh runs the only good road and now also the railway has been completed to Mersa. Farther south in this desert the terrain is passable for tanks of all models, lorries and cars, but on account of the rocky surface, careful driving is advisable. Recently I had to take my tank battalion suddenly from Cairo towards the Libyan frontier and we had on account of this rocky surface quite twenty per cent in tank breakdowns. Not until we get to the south part of this desert do we find the heavy sand we associate with decent deserts. Here the old camel comes into his own and is still the most reliable form of transport on the ground.

Any Italian force attempting either a surprise raid into Egypt, or a serious operation will always find on their flanks concentrations of our troops, but they will find no water until they reach the Nile. But the new form of technique has to be considered. It is known that the Italians have been practising the parachute and troop-carrying methods of the Germans and it would certainly be possible for them to establish surprise pockets of resistance at various points. Nowhere between

the Nile and the coast will they find water and even on the coast much of the water for our troops has to be brought by sea. There exists near Mersa and other points old underground reservoirs of water which were constructed by the Romans 2,000 years ago and these are still always full of water of doubtful quality, but after being filtered are used by our troops in an emergency.

The small Egyptian army of recent years has been thoroughly modernized and greatly increased. Their air force, so recently born, has become a thriving child with very keen pilots. This force backed by our own British troops has been organized on an elastic basis and can rapidly detach columns as the situation demands.

There can be no blinking the fact that Egypt bristles with tempting targets for enemy bombers. There are many more than we will find to retaliate against in Libya. Apart from the important naval station at Alexandria and the capital of Cairo, there are numerous thickly populated railway junctions, canals and Nile dams. The Suez Canal itself would prove a popular target, were it not for the fact that Italy could not herself afford to destroy it permanently. It is for this reason that very elaborate precautions have been taken, not only for their direct protection but against the almost certain action of Fifth Columnists in Egypt. No less than 65,000 Italians reside in Egypt, to say nothing of a motley assortment of every possible nationality. Although every Italian I have met in Egypt vigorously proclaims himself an anti-Fascist, it is well known that they have been thoroughly organized by the Italian consul there for action when required.

Our large eastern army which lies astride Palestine and Syria forms a considerable reservoir of reinforcements for Egypt, and they can be rushed thither by rail, by sea or by the splendid new road recently completed.

Kenya, British Somaliland and the Sudan find also Italian neighbours on their flank. Against trouble coming from Ethiopia and Italian East Africa, precautions have for a long time been completed. But the chief card we hold in this part of the world is the entire dependency of Libya and Ethiopia upon Italy for not only war material, but civil supplies. If these are cut, as they are now being, these two Italian colonies are bound to wither and die as soon as their reserve stocks are consumed. Only an early decision can save them.

Only a very daring, or foolish man would attempt to forecast events after the surprises we have recently had, but at the moment of writing it can be reasonably stated that we can hold our own in all parts of Africa and most parts of the Mediterranean. It is the vital contest now being fought out in the heart of France which requires our immediate attention. The fate of that brave country certainly depends upon our ability to rush reinforcements there at once, even at the expense of denuding our possessions in the East and Africa.

As M. André Maurois said, help is not a matter for 1941, the autumn or next month—it is NOW.



ARAB OUTPOSTS IN EGYPT

There are many of this sort of thing all along the coast, manned and controlled by Arab troops. With war now boiling up in Northern Africa and the Middle East generally, this picture has a vivid topical interest



GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF MIDDLE EAST

With the entry of Italy into the war and certain other very definite consequences which it may bring in its train, the Middle East Command assumes a greatly added importance and responsibility. Sir Archibald Wavell was obviously the officer for this theatre of war for, even before his appointment in 1939 as G.O.C.-in-C. troops in the Middle East, he had had a useful experience in those regions. He was military attaché with the Russian Army in the Caucasus 1916-17 and commanded the troops in Palestine and Trans-Jordan 1937-38

THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

I HAVE often wondered why the theatres have never employed what I call a production taster. Such an individual would not have to be a dramatic critic whose sole interest is, or ought to be, in the æsthetic qualities of a play. There are, of course, in existence a considerable number of professional production tasters who call themselves "libraries." When, in the middle of a show which is obviously being a tremendous hit, you see a gentleman dart out of the stalls, you may be sure that it is Mr. Keith going to telephone to Mr. Prowse to book the whole of the stalls and dress circle for the next twelve months. It might, of course, be Mr. Prowse telephoning to Mr. Keith. But the last thing these gentlemen are, or ought to be, concerned with is the æsthetic merit of a play; theirs is the infinitely harder job of deciding what the public is going to want to see. As a dramatic critic it is my business to gauge at once the relative quality of, say, *The Women of Miss Clare*

A Job for Somebody

has been too near to see them. He would take notice of the architecture of stage settings, and see to it that the guests retiring for the night do not, on opening their bedroom doors, instantly plunge on to the rocky below. He would see to it that Mrs. Tanqueray's drawing-room was not hung with Dufys and Rouaults or with examples of any other painter who had not begun in 1893. I remember the drawing-room in Miss Clemence Dane's recent play, *Cousin Muriel*, and how the striped pattern of the sofa cushions looked exactly like the ordinary bed pillow before the slip has been put on. I never lost sight of this fact throughout the play, and the management said afterwards: "Dear Mr. Agate—Now you mention it, how right you are!" The whole function of the office I now

propose to establish is to mention such things while there is still time to remedy them.

The foregoing applies with even more importance to the film. Film producers do not seem even yet to have discovered that it is not the accuracies but the inaccuracies which matter. Not one in a million filmgoers has the slightest notion of what the Gates of Rome looked like. The scrollwork can be of any conceivable pattern, always presuming that there was scrollwork. Say a shot is being made showing the Emperor Nero attending the Roman

Circus. To have sent somebody in peace time to the Quirinal Library to make a tracing of the actual Colosseum gates would have been mere waste of money and time. Any grandiose gates would do, provided that they did not look like those erected to the memory of W. G. Grace at Lords! Nobody cares what sort of vessel contained the poisons of the Borgias. But the whole film goes phut if they suggest the modern cocktail shaker.

In the new film called *Gaslight* at the Odeon, enormous pains have been taken to suggest the atmosphere of the 'eighties. My view of all period production is that minimum insistence should be laid upon it, since to give the maximum is to suggest the museum and imply that the people living in that museum were conscious of it—which they were not. Mr. Thorold Dickinson, who has produced this film, has taken the opposite view, with the result that Mr. and Mrs. Mallen appear to be living in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Then why, when great play is being made with a copy of *The Times*, do they allow that paper its modern heading, which was introduced only a year or two ago, instead of the Gothic lettering in vogue up till then? Incidentally, why print the Odeon programme and synopsis in a type so elaborately Gothic that no human eye can read more than three lines without pausing for rest? Why call a character Mr. Ullswater and then say that he hails from Exeter? He doesn't! Anybody of that name must hail from Westmorland! Why dress Mr. Frank Pettingell, who plays the ex-detective, in clothes which suggest that he has fallen into the Serpentine and borrowed a dry suit from the local pawnbroker's, with sleeves so long that they reach to his finger tips? Why costume his assistant so that he looks like a travesty of Trabb's Boy in *Great Expectations*? Why not realize at the outset that the lowering of the gas jet is as completely ineffective in a film as it is effective

in a theatre, and give up the repeated attempt to make our flesh creep with this device? Why engage as ravenous wolf Mr. Anton Walbrook, an actor who is particularly good at Prince Consorts and other solicitous sheep? Mr. Clarke-Smith would have been a good choice. And why, if Miss Diana Wynyard is to be chosen for the scared heroine, not arrange that some twinges of discomfort should occasionally mar features so beautiful that Raphael never had the like for model? If I had been producing Miss Wynyard in this part, I should have seen to it that throughout the film she wore shoes two sizes too small, corsets six inches too tight, and a hat-pin which pierced more than hat! There are certain rôles in which I enormously admire Miss Wynyard—as Mrs. Marryot in *Cavalcade*, for example. But since I do not believe that a world-shaking earthquake would disturb that serenity of hers, what chance has a miserable gas jet? The film is on the whole exciting.



IN "GASLIGHT" AT THE ODEON

Diana Wynyard plays the part of Bella Mallen in the screen version of *Gaslight*, from the stage play, by Patrick Hamilton, in which Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies appeared. Anton Walbrook, who made his first appearance on the London stage with Diana Wynyard in *Design for Living*, takes the part of the sinister husband, Paul Mallen. Cathleen Cordell, who makes her first screen appearance in this film, is seen as Nancy, the flirtatious maid, who is fascinated by Paul

Boothe and, say, *The Trojan Women* of Euripides. As a representative of a "library" it would only be my business to know which of these two pieces the public wants to see. And I say that there are more difficult examples than the ones I have chosen.

The job of whoever occupies the post I propose should be created is to attend a semi-final rehearsal and tell the managers the things that are wrong with their productions before the curtain goes up on them. It must be somebody totally unconnected with the theatre, somebody whose judgment is not affected by the enthusiasm inseparable from getting a new piece ready for the stage. Such a critic would see things which are obvious to every first-nighter, and which the producer has never spotted because he



FRANK PETTINGELL AND DIANA WYNYARD

Frank Pettingell as "Rough," the ex-detective, helps Diana Wynyard (Bella Mallen) to search her husband's desk for clues which may prove him a murderer. Paul Mallen tries to drive his wife insane, and but for the support of "Rough," might well have succeeded. Frank Pettingell is now appearing on the stage in the new revue *Come Out of Your Shell*, at the Criterion Theatre



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS ON THE LAWN OF THE HOUSE WITH THE GLASS WALLS

CELEBRITIES IN A BEAUTIFUL CHELSEA HOME:

MR. AND MRS. BENN LEVY
(CONSTANCE CUMMINGS)



MR. AND MRS. BENN LEVY AND THE HOUSEHOLD WATCHDOGS



"ODIN THE BOXER" AND HIS MISTRESS

When Constance Cummings came over to England for motion-picture work in 1933 she was directed in *Sour Grapes* by the well-known author and playwright whom she married almost at once, and these pictures show them in an ideal home which they inhabit in Chelsea. The actress's next picture is the M.-G.-M. *Busman's Honeymoon*, now finished at Denham. It is founded on Dorothy L. Sayers' well-known play produced in 1936. Constance Cummings plays an authoress of detective stories who marries that famous amateur sleuth, Lord Peter Wimsey



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE GLASS-WALLED DRAWING-ROOM

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

That Which Was Yesterday

WHAT a long, long time ago seems Yesterday! I don't mean twenty-four hours ago; I mean that Yesterday when one had the opportunity to live one's own inner life;



Yvonne Gregory

MISS ANITA LESLIE AND "BULLY," HER CHAMPION-BRED DALMATIAN FRIEND

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shane Leslie inherits literary talent from her father, whose books are world famous, the *Life of Mrs. FitzHerbert* being his latest publication. Miss Leslie has already written a *Life of Rodin*, and is now engaged on the *Life of Vigée Le Brun*. She married in 1937 Colonel Paul Rodzianko, the famous Russian horseman, who joined the British Army as a Tommy after the Russian Revolution, and was made an Honorary Colonel in the 10th Hussars, and acted as liaison officer with the British unit in Siberia

to read, to stop and stare, to enjoy Nature and Beauty and to cultivate that which, for want of another word, I will call one's own soul. However, the sadness of that might-have-been depends largely upon how old one is! For my generation, I put it almost any time previous to 1914. For younger people, any day, or almost any day, previous to 1938. But if real peace and all that real peace means in the pleasure merely to exist be your happiest memory of time past, then the older people hold, not the silver-gilt but the really golden key. Looking back, it just seems unbelievable—like re-reading "Cranford" at the Front. But it was real, nevertheless, and often the tragedy of Time is that, no matter how little way we have wandered from happier things, there is no such thing as being able to retrace one's footsteps. We just have to go forward relentlessly, metaphorically banging and barring doors behind us as we go. One can never destroy Man's inventions, even when it looks, as it appears at

present, as if his inventions would destroy Mankind. Like a real Democracy, very few people are fine enough to deserve it. Like Freedom, they translate it too often into licence, forgetting that every greater privilege carries its even greater responsibilities. One cannot be enjoyed without the other. Nor deserves to be, moreover. Mankind, instead of abusing science too often, should merely abuse himself. He just didn't know how to make himself worthy of science's great discoveries.

The monkey, the destructive child, lies terribly close beneath the veneer of civilisation. Thus it often seems as if true civilisation were to be found more often where so-called civilisation only faintly exists; since so many of us, when we think of civilisation at all, think of electric light and wireless, drainage and Bond Street, the ability to be propelled at 60 m.p.h. on land and 300 m.p.h. by air. Always a purely physical sensation. Whereas civilisation, if it be anything



Poole, Dublin

AT LEOPARDSTOWN: MISS DOREEN SEALY AND MR. MAURICE WALSH

Among interested spectators at this famous Irish course were Miss Doreen Sealy and Mr. Maurice Walsh, and they were camera-shot watching the finish of the Leopardstown Produce Stakes, which was won by Mr. Willie Barnett's "Breadmaker." Mr. Barnett owned "Trigo," the 1929 Derby winner. Mr. Walsh is the ex-President of the Irish P.E.N. Club, and is famous for his novels of Scottish life, which are so popular with American readers that they have founded a "Maurice Walsh Society." He was formerly in the Customs and Excise Office of the Irish Free State

at all, is surely a mental attainment—that and that alone. Its object being a free and dignified state of happiness, without which life is merely a form of living in a jungle. And thus it is that often the thought strikes us, as we wander in cultivated yet sparsely inhabited places, that here a divine philosophy lives, rather than in Piccadilly Circus or Wall Street, or in the overcrowded workrooms of factories and shops. And maybe war brings this home to us more forcibly than anything else—since it shatters any retreat towards the fundamental beauties of sheer existence.

At any rate, I know myself that as I was reading Mr. Thomas Washington-Metcalf's charming book, "A Country Bloke's Chronicle" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), I thought that here, remote from human cities and human cackle and human cruelty, the fullest life of all exists. Yes, exists . . . still exists! For this is a chronicle of country life and country scenes, of rural personalities and rural conduct, written, thank heavens, without one tinge of that dreary facetiousness with which two or three urban authors, not so many years ago, used to paint the country scene and rural character to delude the West Kensington mentality into passing it as wit. One especially was just too, too playful; one other gambolling after him like some girlish elephant. No, this "Country Bloke's Chronicle" is written by one who loves and understands and respects country life and character; the result being a book which really does seem to waft you away from streets and houses, and men and women yapping mostly about things they haven't even begun to understand, into the real, remote countryside, where other men and women, albeit living simple, homely, hard-working lives, yet manage to attain a worth-while in the great scheme of things which belong to simplicity and life's firmer foundations. This virtue of simplicity and these firm foundations being enhanced by the fact that the author has combined them with his own experiences of war and destruction and violent death.

The scene of the book, I take it, lies on the borders of Devonshire and Somerset. That lovely part of the world which, though already tainted somewhat by the march of that civilisation which by no means always signifies progress, is still peaceful and remote, if you know where to seek these beatitudes. So to read the book is rather like some glorious holiday in the quiet country; a holiday during which, though you may live in a town, you are not a stranger, nor a foreigner, but, thanks to the author, are admitted at once into rural intimacies which, without such an introduction, can easily blind you to the worthiness and happiness and dignified beauty of those whose lives are lived out, and lived well, so far from the cackling struggle of the urban crowd.

A Lovely Gift-Book

QUITE one of the loveliest and most interesting gift-books which I have seen for years is "Ballet—To Poland" (A. and C. Black; 12s. 6d.). I write gift-book because, if you can afford it, you should certainly make it a present to yourself and, if you have the very least excuse, also a present to somebody else. For, as the title implies, it is a book published for the benefit of our Polish Allies, whose unmerited

(Continued on page 454)



MUSKER—MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRITCHTON

Flying-Officer J. H. L. ("Toby") Musker, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, of Rushford Hall, Norfolk, and Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, younger daughter of the late Major Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Monzie Castle, Perthshire, and Largo House, Fife, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on June 8



HUBBARD—ROYDS

The Duke of Richmond's agent and Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, eldest son of the late Captain G. N. Hubbard and of Mrs. Hubbard, of The Cottage, Goodwood, was married on June 8 at Chichester Register Office to the Hon. Mrs. Marian Royds, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Ashfield, who are on the right of this picture, taken after the wedding. At the left of the bride and bridegroom is Mr. Hubbard's mother



ONE DAY'S MARRIAGES

Five Brides and Grooms

BELOW :

OMMANNEY—STEWART
Seen leaving Chelsea Old Church after their wedding there on June 8 are Sub-Lieutenant C. J. M. Ommannney, R.N.V.R., and his bride, Miss Catherine Stewart



WATNEY—SEÑORET

After an engagement of only a fortnight, the seventeen-year-old daughter of H.E. the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Señoret, Mlle. Maria Raquel Señoret, was married on June 8 at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Mr. John Basil Watney, the Royal Sussex Regiment, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Watney, and grandson of Mrs. Kathleen Lutyens, of 3, Stanford Court, Cornwall Gardens

WHITWORTH—RICCI

The marriage took place on June 8 at Christ Church, Victoria Road, Kensington, of Lieutenant William B. Whitworth, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Whitworth, and Miss Elizabeth Pamela Ricci, who is the daughter of Paymaster Captain Lewis Anselm da Costa Ricci, C.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Ricci, of The Rose Cottage, Southwick, Hants



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

suffering—intense beyond human belief—is one among the many blots in the story of human history. And what a lovely and interesting book it is! The photographs and drawings which accompany the text are superb examples of the art of photography, though besides these photographs there are some remarkable illustrations drawn by such well-known artists as Oliver Messel, Cecil Beaton, Kay Ambrose, William Chappell and others, together with drawings by Anna Pavlova, which show that ever-lamented genius of the ballet in a new and delightful aspect.

Then there are articles by John Masefield; Cyril Beaumont, who writes of Nijinski; Ninette de Valois, whose subject is La Nijinska; Adeline Genée, who describes her first dancing lesson; Constant Lambert on the Adaptation of Music, and Sacheverell Sitwell on The Sleeping Beauty. And yet these are only a few details of a book which is at once lovely and interesting; a joy to possess for every lover of the art of the modern ballet.

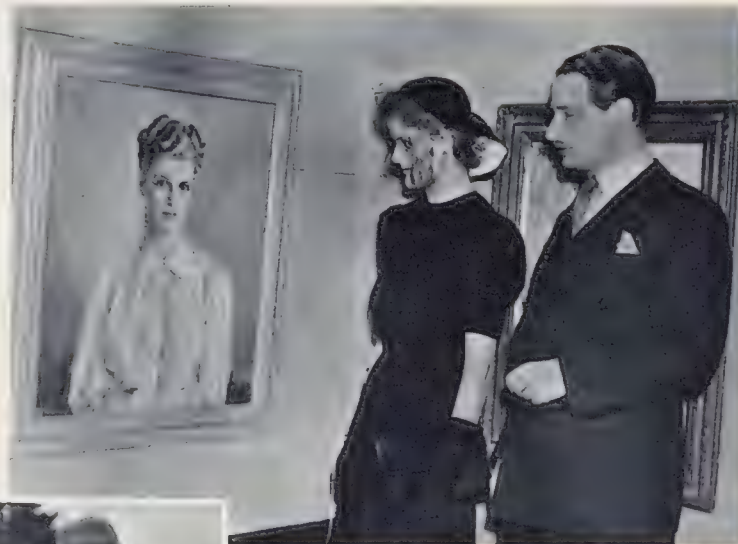
An Amusing War Book

PROBABLY Nancy Mitford's amusing book, "Pigeon Pie" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), would have been even more amusing a few weeks ago—that is, while spies in our midst, air-raid warnings, the social side of A.R.P., and the intellectual footlers in Government offices and elsewhere were merely amazing figures of fun and not an actual menace. Even so, this is an entertaining book, which includes most of the home-front sides of war, plus a mystery, which looks like treachery on our side in the beginning and ends by being a very nasty shock for the enemy in the end. The writer's touch is of the lightest and, thank goodness, it remains light all the way through without becoming facetious. But occasionally she verges upon a wider criticism and one often wishes there might have been more remarks of this kind: "Finally, as a last resort, there was the wireless. Sophia hated the wireless. It seemed to her to be a definite and living force for evil in the land. When she turned it on she thought of the women all over England, in lonely little houses, with their husbands gone to the war, sick with anxiety for the future. She saw them putting the children to bed, their hearts broken by the loneliness of the evening hours and then, for company, turning on the wireless.

"What is the inspiration which flows from this, the fountain-head, as it must seem to them, of the Empire? London, with all its resources of genius, talent, wit, how does London help them through these difficult times? How are they made to feel that

England is not only worth dying for but being poor for; being lonely and unhappy for? With great music, stirring words and sound common sense? With the glorious literature, nobly spoken, of our ancestors? Not at all. With facetiousness and jazz. No policy, no profundity; above all, no heart. And at times like these, Sophia thought, it is heart that counts more than anything else." Well, how true this is! And how depressing! And alas! how very typically B.B.C. in war or any other time. The "News" read with just about as much human and emotional expression as if it were coming straight off a tape-machine, and stories of supreme sacrifice turned almost into picnic revelry, sandwiched in between futile and witless light variety and comics endlessly striving to invent a catch-phrase. And too many hours of crooners and sheer noise. No wonder Sophia found the A.R.P. dungeon closer to reality and thus more sustaining. Sophia is a gay and amusing character, nevertheless. More surprising still, neither her gaiety nor

else, apart from sleep, read Gladys Mitchell's "Brazen Tongue" (Michael Joseph; 8s.). Anyway, three separate murders in three separate chapters make a good beginning. One body was found in an A.R.P. water-tank. Another was propped against the wall where people were queueing-up outside a cinema. The third was a member of the local council. In the beginning there appeared to be no justification for any of these crimes, nor did they appear to be in the least related; but wait! There enters Mrs. Bradley! Mrs. Bradley is one of Gladys Mitchell's prime creations. To look at her, no one would ever imagine that she was a first-class amateur detective. She is elderly; beauty must have passed her by



LONDON PORTRAIT SOCIETY'S SHOW

Mr. Leslie Foot, a Civil Servant who paints as a hobby, introduced Miss Petronelle Wise to his portrait of her, which is included in the twelfth exhibition of the London Portrait Society at the New Burlington Galleries. The show opened last week, and will remain so till the 22nd of this month



Poole, Dublin

LADY BEATRIX WILKINSON AND LORD WICKLOW

Lord Wicklow, a former Irish Free State Senator, presided this month at the annual meeting of the Children's Sunshine Home, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin, and afterwards had a look at the patients (one of whom at least seems to be taking very kindly to his sunshine) with Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, wife of Sir Neville Wilkinson, Ulster King of Arms, and a sister of Lord Pembroke

her fun becomes irritating even at the end of 245 pages of it. Consequently, if you are in the proper mood—and this is always advisable in a funny book—"Pigeon Pie" will keep you amused all the way through.

A Good Thriller

ON the other hand, if a good thriller helps you to forget realities for the moment more successfully than anything

even as a baby; she is dowdy in that dowdiness which goes with odd bits clinging to the wrong pieces. And to look at her... well, she might possibly harass a sewing-bee but would never be able to run a murderer to earth.

Fortunately for justice, Mrs. Bradley was nose-y. She nosed in everything and nothing could keep out that nose. Indeed, the wonder to me is that she didn't make the fourth corpse! No door marked "Private" made her hesitate for an instant, nor any earnest discussion between professional crime-trackers debar her from butting in. She had a way with her, and that way was the way of a battleship entering a Thames lock—always provided it was large enough to let the battleship in. Nevertheless, you can't help admiring and liking her—though to live with her would take a great deal of sting from death. Besides, one knows instinctively that Mrs. Bradley is going to clear up the mystery—give her time. So you are on her side, because the mystery really is mysterious and it is exceptionally well-sustained. Besides, this is not a thriller with cardboard stock figures, being moved about by an author in a mechanically exciting plot. Mrs. Mitchell's characters are real indeed, and her plot is not only possible but the end also is plausible. So I count "Brazen Tongue" high up in its class. If you like thrillers, here is one among the recent very best.

*Photo. : Anthony***PORTRAIT PICTURE OF THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM KINNAIRD**

The Master of Kinnaird, elder son of the twelfth Baron Kinnaird, married in 1938 Miss Nadia Fortington, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fortington, of the Isle of Jethou, Channel Islands. Mrs. Kinnaird has been working at the Ministry of Supply and may shortly be leaving for America. The black velvet picture-frock is one she wore when her miniature was painted recently, and for which the tapestry makes a charming background



SIR PELHAM AND LADY WARNER AT THE
ETON RAMBLERS v. FORTY CLUB MATCH
AT LORD'S

In the Members' Stand which, as will be observed, was not overcrowded. Sir Plum is doing a good job of work for the morale of the nation in keeping cricket going in these times when anything of this kind is such an aid

"THE butcher-boy is out in front at the moment; but he is bound to come back. You can never win if you try to make every post a winning-post." — From these notes, May 15, 1940.

IT is suggested that there are definite signs of that beginning to prove to be quite true. I should only like to add a few more words: "The farther the butcher-boy type of jockey goes, the farther he is absolutely certain to be beaten when the real winning-post arrives. More races are won by waiting than by the converse. To know how to sit still and suffer is the great secret of success. Only the brilliant few ever learn how to do this. There is this further that we should not forget: the horse now out in front has a yellow streak down his back. When he is collared, as collared he will be, he will drop his bit and shut up like a clasp-knife."

This goes in even fuller measure for Germany's Jackal No. 2. Caporetto is not the only bit of corroborative evidence. There is the more recent incident of Madrid. The outstanding feature of this development, in the opinion of most of us, is the dignified attitude of the British Press. It is in striking contrast to that of the guttersnipe one of the Italian, with one honourable exception—the *Osservatore Romano*.

A legal announcement about what is to take place at our Courts of Justice when an air raid is in progress has given rise to some apprehension, so I am given to understand, amongst the members of the profession in both the superior and inferior branches—that is to say, counsel (and such of them as have been translated to the stratosphere of the Bench) and solicitors and their numerous and varied adherents and appendages, such as managing and articulated clerks and just plain clerks who, as we are often assured (by them), usually know a lot more about the intricacies of the law than do their masters.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

The particular clause in the announcement which has set up a state of apprehension is this:

"Famous judges and well-known barristers will take part in a test of the air-raid precautions at the Law Courts."

"Solicitors, litigants, witnesses, and the permanent staff employed in the building will join in, as well as anyone else who is present."



THE FORTY CLUB OPENING PAIR
A. Kempton (44) and R. H. Twining, the
captain (82), going out to bat in the match
v. the Eton Ramblers, who eventually won
by five wickets. G. O. Allen got nine of the
Forty Club wickets

NOW, in spite of the fact of the Law being the embodiment of everything that is excellent, the etiquette which prevails amounts almost to that state of hyper-insularity which exists in a battleship. Bulger, J., or Stodger, J., before they left the realm of the silks, might be Joe or Alf to their fellow K.C.s, but once they don the ermine, all this is changed. It would amount to something like contempt on the part of any of their former convives to indulge in even a slight assumption of such mateyness. His Lordship becomes a thing completely apart from any previous existence which he may or may not have enjoyed from his stuff gownsman days upwards. He is even compelled to forget what N.B.G. means. It is the same, in perhaps a slightly modified degree, with counsel. And then fancy what is going to happen when a lot of solicitors are boxed up in the one air-raid shelter. In this branch of the profession they never have kept up that hypocritical "m'learned friend" business. Then the witnesses! I shudder to think of what may transpire when an expert perjurer suddenly finds himself within knifing distance of the cross-examiner who has just been giving him a hell of a gruelling in the box. As I understand that this A.R.P. business is also to be carried on where our Criminal Courts are concerned, the Common Law bar, so it appears to me, may be in even greater jeopardy. Fancy leading Treasury Counsel being wedged in amongst a lot of expert gizzard-slitters and scientific poisoners! The picture is a terrifying one. The apprehension to which reference has been made in the opening remarks is therefore well founded.

DURING a recent and enforced banishment to the depths of the country, in the vicinity of a hamlet which I am convinced was the model from which W. W. Jacobs drew "Claybury," I came across the original of Bob Pretty. Voice, artfulness, un-

popularity with the inhabitants, including the local slop—all were there. The only point of difference was that he did not have an unbroken run of success. One time he had a very bad reverse. It happened this way. He was courting an honest widow woman whom he knew had a very long stocking. He had done her down with some success over one or two deals in livestock—hens, rabbits, and such-like—and also over an "antique" bedstead which he said had been slept in by Charles I., and in many other ways had despoiled the trusting old trout. At last Claybury thought it ought to take a hand—so it did. News got round that Bob Pretty was about to transport a small cargo of treacle to the widow with a view to forwarding his matrimonial prospects. So Bill Wumple, Charlie Wiggs, Harry Hayseed, and one or two more laid in wait upon the night when the troubadour went off on his errand, caught him, tied him up, thoroughly soused him in his own treacle and then popped him over the fence into the widow's front garden, all amongst her lupins and quite close to her most unpleasant dog's kennel.



BRYN IVOR HALL IN WARTIME

Sir Leighton and Lady Seager and some of the A.T.S. who are billeted at their lovely house near Cardiff. Sir Leighton is a former High Sheriff of Monmouthshire and a Deputy Lieutenant of the County. He is the younger son of Sir William Henry Seager, of Cardiff, and saw service with the Artists Rifles in the 1914-18 war

Truman Howell

THE FIRST WARTIME DERBY



THE TROOPS WATCH "PONT L'EVÊQUE" DRAW AWAY TO WIN HIS RACE

Fred Darling's 10 to 1 chance had his field well beaten at the end of the rails and went on to win by three lengths unchallenged. Lord Derby's "Lighthouse II." is seen lying up second and "Tant Mieux" (spots on cap), Gordon Richards' mount, is third



LADY STANLEY AND LADY BEATTY

One of these two visitors to Newmarket's Derby must have had pleasant memories of the 1938 race, which was won by the Hon. Peter Beatty's "Bois Roussel," also trained by Fred Darling



LORD MILTON

Lord Fitzwilliam's son and heir owned "Paul Beg" when he won the Gimcrack in 1935



LADY ANNE FITZROY

The Duke of Grafton's daughter, one of the young people who relieved a war atmosphere



MRS. PETER HOLDSWORTH HUNT AND LADY PIGOTT-BROWN

Two more charming young people who helped to lighten the scene. Lady Pigott-Brown is a daughter of Major and Mrs. Gilbert Cotton, of Tarporeley



The generally warlike aspect inseparable from the 1940 Derby was in some slight degree relieved by a sprinkling of charming people of the gentler sex who had not got to be in uniform. "Pont l'Evêque" was that famous trainer Fred Darling's first win in the big race as an owner, but by no means the first Derby winner he has trained. He sent out "Captain Cuttle" in 1922, "Manna" in 1925, "Coronach" in 1926, and "Bois Roussel" in 1938. The last owner-trainer to win the Derby was Mr. Tom Walls with "April the Fifth" in 1932. "Romulus," who was very prominent for a good part of the way, ran away going down to the post, and went for three miles before he was stopped. So what?

(LEFT) THE HON. FRANCIS CURZON, MR. H. DAWSON, MRS. AND MISS AVRIL CURZON

(RIGHT) LORD AND LADY MANTON

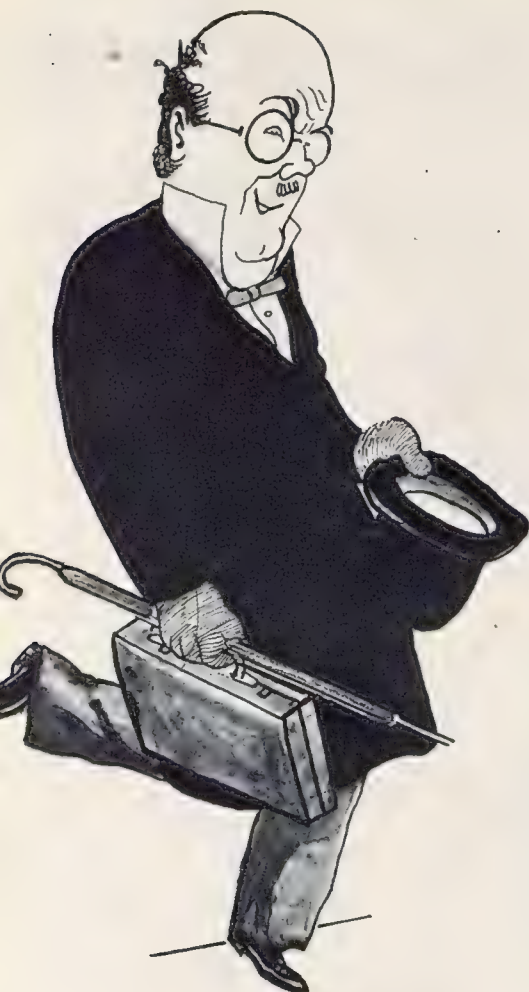


"COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL"

AT

THE CRITERION

By ALAN BOTT



FRANK PETTINGELL

spoils, have co-operatively agreed, I gather, on minimum salaries which a good clerk or secretary would scorn. The composer, another pianist and a drummer are the whole orchestra. The props are a few bits of simple furniture, the scenery alternates between a green and a purple backcloth, with some muslin for the shadow-stuff.

A bare-bones background of this kind brings out the best and worst in any light entertainment. Thus, the thinnest sketches in *Come Out of Your Shell* have the flavour of private theatricals devised for a summer evening after the Squire's team has won a cricket-match against the village. Contrariwise, the wit and artistry in the best items are helped by the lack of splendiferous distraction. Since the poor pieces number only two or three and the excellent ones seven or eight, out of a total of thirty-two, while the remaining twenty or so are bright and pleasant, the average of quality is pretty high.

Outstanding among the seven or eight are Miss Magda Kun's "Pinocchio," a wooden-jointed song and dance; Mr. Frank



WILFRID HYDE WHITE

Pettingell's "Last of the Principal Boys," a rather obvious but brilliantly insinuated burlesque; Miss

Greta Gynt's breeziness in a period pastiche ("The Sailor's Bride") and in much else; two of the new numbers by composer-songstress Annette Mills, as rendered by herself; a quaint ecstasy of Spring, led by Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White; and the last-named as a Cabinet Minister delivering statistical unction over the radio (a turn which, nevertheless, was surpassed in virtuosity by a recent Saturday-night broadcast from the Minister for Economic Warfare, who "elocuted" about oil and metals like an actor of the grand old school).

I forgot to include an arresting chorus of Underground-commuters, from the less well-known members of the Company. Also the Misses Magda Kun, Nadine March and Virginia Water as three blonde, obnoxious Lezzies. Also Miss Kun and Messrs. Pettingell and Hyde White as weight-lifters faithful unto death. Which makes nine particularly notable items, instead of the seven or eight; and two more might be added without reduction of quality. What with all this and all that, here is a first-class little revue.

HERE is yet another bright little revue, arriving at a grim moment when bright little revues are two-thirds of the London Theatre. Not counting Mr. Gielgud's production of *The Tempest* (for the Old Vic is always something apart), only four plays proper cling uncertainly to life, as against twelve musicals, of which nine are revues of varying sorts. Somewhere, there must be a moral in this; but I don't think it means that the English are a musical nation.

An Eminent Actress I know said the other day that if the present blight on her trade lasted much longer, the seigneurs of the stage would retire on their savings, and players in general would revert to the theatrical fundamentals of the old rogue-and-vagabond days: travelling around with tents or fit-ups, making and painting their own sets, living a communal life *à la Russe*. As for her, she rather looked forward to it; though there were various nice boys and not so nice girls with whom she would not share a caravan unless she were all but starving.

Meanwhile, an economic beginning has been made in some of these persistent revues. The management of *Come Out of Your Shell* have pared down their expenditure to the outside edge of any war Chancellor's wishes. The normally expensive members of the cast, while waiting to share any



NADINE MARCH



MAGDA KUN



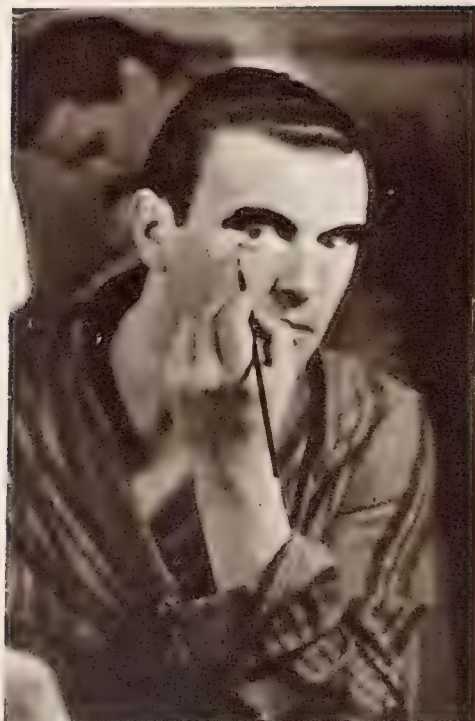
ROBERTA HUBY
Swinging the Gate to Stardom



Photos.: Houston Rogers

This most attractive young lady is one whose name may safely be prophesied to be going up in the lights when we have lights again. From being one of the gold-diggers whose hearts belonged to Daddy in *Black Velvet*, she went to take Gabrielle Brune's place in the last edition of the Gate Revue at the Ambassadors, and did it so well that several special ingénue numbers have been included to give her a prominent part in *Swinging the Gate*, Norman Marshall's successful follow-up of that all-conquering revue. Apart from her appearances at the Ambassadors, we shall be seeing Roberta shortly in a musical film she has just completed, called, appropriately enough, *Hullo, Fame*

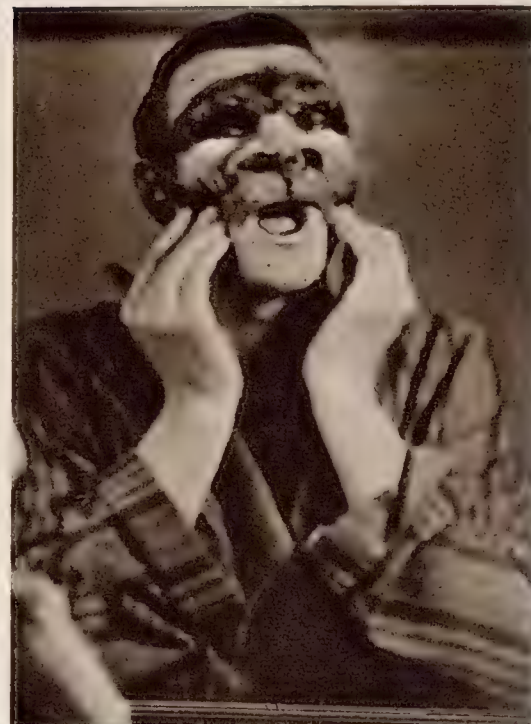




THE EYES ARE MADE UP . .



THE TOP PART OF THE MASK PUT ON . . .



AND STUCK DOWN TO THE FACE . . .



THE LOWER JOWL IS CONSTRUCTED . . .



THE WIG PUT ON . . .



Photos.: Anthony

AND THE EARS DISTORTED . . .

ADD A STRAGGLE OF BEARD . . .

AND THE MONSTER IS COMPLETE



MAKING OF A MONSTER

How Oliver Messel built Caliban for "The Tempest" at the Old Vic



NOT A TORSO MURDER!

Oliver Messel, designer of sets and costumes for the current Old Vic production of *The Tempest*, photographed with the most elaborate creation of all, the body for that "puppy-headed monster," Caliban, the construction of whose ape-like face is seen on the opposite page. For the body, ordinary cloth tights are covered with material giving them the glossy and completely naturalistic appearance of coarse, blistered skin such as one sees on some species of monkeys. This picture was taken in the Old Vic wardrobe, and below the table is Oliver Messel's design for the play's island setting. In contrast to some of the elaborate designs which have made Mr. Messel famous, including *The Miracle*, which is said to have cost £20,000, wartime economy reduced his budget to £200, on which by the use of homely objects (such as pipe-cleaners for the head-dresses) he has decorated and dressed the production most ingeniously. George Devine and Marius Goring (who plays Ariel) are the producers, and in the cast are John Gielgud as Prospero, Jessica Tandy as Miranda, and Alec Guinness as Ferdinand. Jack Hawkins, as Caliban, lives nobly up to the monstrous casing created for him



THE OWNER, MR. MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH AND FAMILY:
TEATIME ON THE SOUTH FRONT



MR. HAWORTH-BOOTH TAKING PICTURES TO ILLUSTRATE HIS BOOKS
AND ARTICLES



MRS. HAWORTH-BOOTH AND BENJAMIN: THE PORTRAIT IS
OF LEWIS BAGOT, BISHOP OF BRISTOL, HER KINSMAN

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 4: ASBESTERS
FARM,
NEAR HASLEMERE,
IN
SURREY



THE FRONT VIEW OF ASBESTERS

(BELOW) THE OWNER AT WORK ON THE





THE FAMILY—LOUISE, BENJAMIN AND ALYS,
AND THE "RECALL" GONG



MR. HAWORTH-BOOTH DOES A LARGE PART OF HIS WRITING WORK
IN THE DEWY DAWN



ASBESTERS FARM

THE UPLANDS FIELDS



Asbesters Farm, near beautiful Haslemere, one of Surrey's show places, is owned by Mr. Michael Haworth-Booth, and, like so many more of the country homes of England, is doing its wonderful bit in the National cause. Mr. Haworth-Booth being an expert and an author of a very admirable book on floriculture, "The Flowering Shrub Garden," has now turned his knowledge and energy entirely to farm work to comply with the urgent demand for increased production and few are better qualified than he. He has personally ploughed some thirty acres of his grass land for oats, wheat and linseed, this being his quota under the Ministry of Agriculture campaign, and he has, moreover, done the major part of the sowing and cultivation single-handed. He has also reared a considerable number of chickens because he believes, and rightly, that when breaking grass land it is essential that a large and active flock of poultry should follow the plough to obliterate the destructive wireworm. Asbesters Farm is built, after an Inigo Jones design, by the owner himself, and is on Black Down Hill, 700 feet above sea-level. It is built of local stone, from an old barn among the adjacent farm buildings. The cobble-stones of the old yard have gone to make the garage. Mr. Haworth-Booth, who is the eldest of the four sons of Mr. Digby Haworth-Booth, of the Mill House, Balcombe, Sussex, served in the last war as an artillery officer attached R.F.C., and his wife is the daughter of the late Mr. H. R. R. Bagot and of Mrs. Bagot, of Pipe Hayes Hall, Warwickshire, and they have the three attractive children seen above



BENJAMIN HAWORTH-BOOTH AND SOME OF THE CADET BRANCH
OF THE LARGE FAMILY OF FOWLS

PARIS EN GARDE

By PRISCILLA

TRÈS CHER—The sight of this blank, white page spread under my pen makes me feel slightly sick. The task of sitting still and covering it with the hieroglyphs with which I shall try to convey to you the *état d'âme* of the people of this city is almost beyond me. The news of Leopold III.'s treachery seemed incredible to the man in the street and the good wives who so patiently jog along their various ways, confident that all will be well and entertaining no doubts as to the glorious future that the Allies and their leaders will bring about, making the world once more a decent place for decent people. At mid-day, when M. Paul Reynaud made his grave

Old women silently covered their heads with their tattered shawls. The hours while they waited for news pending the moment when the Belgian Ministers in France made their proclamation and announced that Belgium would continue to fight with the Allies till victory, were long moments of agony for them. *Ah, les pauvres gens!*

YOU have your refugees in England, I know. They arrive—Belgian, Dutch and British living abroad—from their homes in the countries now momentarily occupied by the Germans, and you know the horror and pity of their distress, but, thank God, you do not see, as we do over here, the

from a far-distant point to t'other, is made by ambulance, and this gives me a chance to tell you of the splendid work done, in a moment of emergency, by the British drivers and attendants of the Canadian-Polish ambulances who were here and about for a few days, on their way to the Front. Sister Williams, her Air-Force-grey tunic jewelled with three ribbons from the other World War; Miss Crow, Miss Fergusson, Miss Hall (who wears the Serbian medal), and Mrs. James (Zita Yungman), just to mention those I met on the hard, high roads of France.

"Those" of the U.F.F. have been mighty busy also. I shall not easily forget the expert and kindly way the charming Russian-born wife of M. Kostia Vlasto organised the transport of ten small persons, aged from six to fourteen months old, from their quarters in a north-eastern district to one of greater safety in the south. They were fine, thumb-sucking little travellers in their folding cots and, thanks to Mme. Vlasto's expert handling, not a wail out of the whole boiling.

ANOTHER splendid worker amongst the Femmes de France is the well-dressed daughter of a brilliant amateur journalist, or, in social-note parlance, Mme. de Castéja, eldest daughter of the Hon. Daisy Fellowes. To appreciate thoroughly what our young



THE PENALTY OF WAR

A pathetic picture of French women refugees, who are forced to leave their homes to seek safety elsewhere, seen trudging along a road carrying all the possessions they can manage, one of the nuns and the woman in the front of the procession using wheelbarrows as their means of transport. It will be noticed that these women are mostly wearing carpet-slippers, which will hardly stand up to a long trek along the roads

announcement and his indictment of *le Roi félon* came over the air, the crowd smiled at first and merely said: "How well they imitate his voice"; but those of us who are just a little aware of the undercurrents knew the horrible truth, the shame of which has never been equalled. A few of us knew that, in the middle of the night, a few hours earlier, the firemen of the 8^{ième} Arrondissement had been called out to remove a poster that had been plastered high up on the tall pedestal of King Albert's statue in the Cours Albert I^{er}, a poster that said: "Rise and defend us, Albert: your son is about to betray." We knew also that Leopold III.'s children had left France, and we surmised what such a step might mean.

When the whole of Paris realised that the news was true, people were almost silent in their grim rage, and the dumb anger of the great mass of street-corner strategists and *café* chatterers was more impressive than any furious demonstration could have been. War workers on duty at the various Belgian Welcome Centres were faced with the impossible task of finding words of comfort for the refugees who, having lost all they hold dear, were still upheld by the thought that their King was fighting to avenge them. When they realised that they had been betrayed and abandoned, their despair was very horrible to see. Men hid their faces in their arms to hide their tears.

endless stream that is making its way to safety along the high roads of this beautiful land. The carts full of women and children, piled high with bundles, drawn by the slow-stepping plough-horses of the Ardennes, led by limping old men. Hand-carts, wheelbarrows, perambulators, bicycles; cars that are so old and clattery that it is marvellous that the slightest spark of power can still be coaxed from them—nearly all of them bearing the marks of bombing and machine-gun fire. Refugee trains are crowded to the roofs of the carriages. Cattle-trucks are full of old people who hardly realise what has happened to them and who lie restlessly tossing, weeping and mumbling, or else fearfully inert and silent on the straw pallets that have been spread, in tight rows, edge touching edge, on the board floors.

THE trains do not actually pass through Paris, and where the detours are made need not be mentioned. Often the liaison,



M. REYNAUD AND HIS CABINET

Members of the new French Cabinet are seen leaving the Elysée Palace in Paris, after the reconstruction carried out by M. Reynaud. The determination of France to resist the German onslaught at all costs is arousing the admiration of the world

The names are: (l. to r.) MM. L. O. Frossard (Minister of Public Works and Transport); Albert Chichery (Commerce and Industry); Jean Prouvost (partly hidden by Reynaud; Information); Paul Reynaud (Premier, Minister of National Defence and Foreign Affairs); Yves Bouthillier (background, with spectacles; Finance); André Fèvre (Under-Secretary for Public Works); Yvon Delbos (National Education); Georges Pernot (the French Family)

Schiaparelli-ed lovelies can do when in uniform, you should see Mme. de Castéja, as I have done, sitting on the roof of an ambulance, busy with hammer and nails, putting a slat over a nice little round hole that *wasn't* made with a cigarette-butt!

Those of us who have jobs to do are pretty lucky these days. Although we all have boundless faith in the future the waiting is hard, and to be able to fill in the waiting hours (days or months) with active work is an unspeakable blessing for which one cannot be sufficiently grateful.

BEAUTY IN TWO DIMENSIONS



IRINA BARONOVA AND "FLORIAN"

Clarence S. Bull

Brought from the Spanish riding school in Vienna with three of his fellows of the Austrian Empire's famous Lippizan breed, "Florian" is the central figure of a film called by his name, which Winfield Sheehan, producer of *Cavalcade*, has recently completed, and which is due for release over here next month. Mr. Sheehan also imported for the film Irina Baronova, of the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, and well known to Covent Garden audiences, who flew over from England where she was dancing at the outbreak of war. *Florian* is a story of Austria from the gay Imperial days before 1914 to the post-war chaos of the 1920's, and of the love of a groom in the Imperial stables (Robert Young) for a Countess (Helen Gilbert). Baronova has the part of the Emperor's *première danseuse*



MISS DIANA PAGE AND THE
HON. BOB PRESTON

Lord Gormanston's younger brother was on a bit of leave from his regiment, and his fair companion is very well known with that famous Irish pack, the Kildare



SECOND-LIEUT. AND MRS. DENNIS ECCLES

In happier times Mr. Eccles is very prominent in gentleman-rider circles in Ireland. His father, Captain Eccles, was a former Joint-Master of the Meath with Major Victor Parr (1925-26), when they were succeeded by Lord Holmpatrick and Captain Harry Fowler



BETWEEN RACES: MR. C. F. RUSSELL
AND MISS MAUREEN STANFORD-ROCHE

Both of them well known in Irish racing and hunting circles. People who backed Tommy Burns' mounts at Leopardstown had a good time. He did the hat-trick. Two of his winners, "Breadmaker" and "Wild Wheat" were owned by Mr. William "Trigo" Barnett. "Trigo" won the Derby in 1929

GOING RACING AT LEOPARDSTOWN



MISS VERONICA ROCHE AND MISS PAT
HARTIGAN

Both of them look as if they had been finding 'em. Miss Hartigan is the only daughter of Lieut.-Gen. and Lady James Hartigan, who now live in Co. Dublin at Don Laoghaire



LADY LOUTH AND HER SON, PRIVATE DICKY
PRICHARD-JONES

Lady Louth is the former Lady Prichard-Jones, widow of the first Baronet. She married Lord Louth in 1926. Her first husband was the first baronet, Sir John Prichard-Jones



Pool, Dublin

DR. MARY HILL AND MR. S. H. LYNCH
In her leisure moments the charming lady doctor is addicted to winning point-to-points on her own horses. Mr. Lynch is the hon. secretary of the Ward Union Staghounds, who kept going all through the past season

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES — No. 4



A SPOT OF BOTHER WITH SOME MINES — BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLE

Floating mines, as most landlubbers know, are put out of action by rifle- or gun-fire, but never at such close quarters as this! Our artist imagines a tense moment aboard one of our more elderly destroyers, caused by a technique which may be effective, but can hardly be described as conventional. The Commander, R.N., judging by his facial expression, has evidently jumped to the conclusion that, apart from the efforts of the musketeers, knocking the horns off with a hammer may lead to results better achieved by less ingenious and more professional methods of destruction

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

AN A.R.P. warden was going down his road after an air-raid warning had sounded, and saw a bright light shining from an upstairs window.

"Put that light out there!" he shouted.

An old lady came to the window, with a candle in her hand.

"What do you want?" she shouted.

"It's an air-raid warning," was the reply.

"Well, put it through the letter-box. I can't come down now!" was the curt reply.

A European visited a high Chinese official in Manchuria. He wished to engage the interest of the Mandarin on behalf of his father, a mining engineer, who desired to acquire certain mining rights in that country.

The European had not been long in China, and his knowledge of the language was limited. Accordingly, he spent a considerable time endeavouring to explain to the Mandarin in faltering Chinese the object of his visit and his father's ambitions.

The Chinese sat with inscrutable countenance while the European poured forth his tale, and at the end the visitor showed by his expression that he doubted whether the Mandarin understood the purport of his message.

He was relieved of his anxiety when the Mandarin leaned forward and, touching him gently on the sleeve, said in faultless English: "Tell your old dad to come and scratch wherever he likes."

THE tramp entered the bank. In his grimy hand he held a cheque for sixpence. He approached the cashier's window and presented the cheque with a flourish.

"Here, my good man," he said loftily, "you will kindly cash this for me. And, mind you, I haven't all day to wait."

The cashier glanced up. He took the cheque, examined it, then reached into the change drawer.

"How will you have it?" he asked. "Heads or tails?"

IT was the ship's concert and the song was "Asleep in the Deep." The singer had got well and truly deep, when an awed voice from the back of the hall was heard:

"Lumme! He'll scuttle himself in a minute!"

THE lover pressed the blonde close to him.

"Look into my eyes, honey," he murmured, "and tell me what you see there."

The girl gazed into the man's eyes. She sighed deeply.

"I see the most wonderful things," she said. "You and I. A wedding ring. A preacher. A quiet honeymoon—then a cottage and two happy people growing old together gracefully."

The lover jumped up and reached for his hat.

"Where are you going?" cried the startled blonde.

The man turned at the door.

"To a chemist," he snapped, "to get you an eyewash!"

THE sergeant had just given the recruit his kit. He went through it carefully, and then again, looking puzzled.

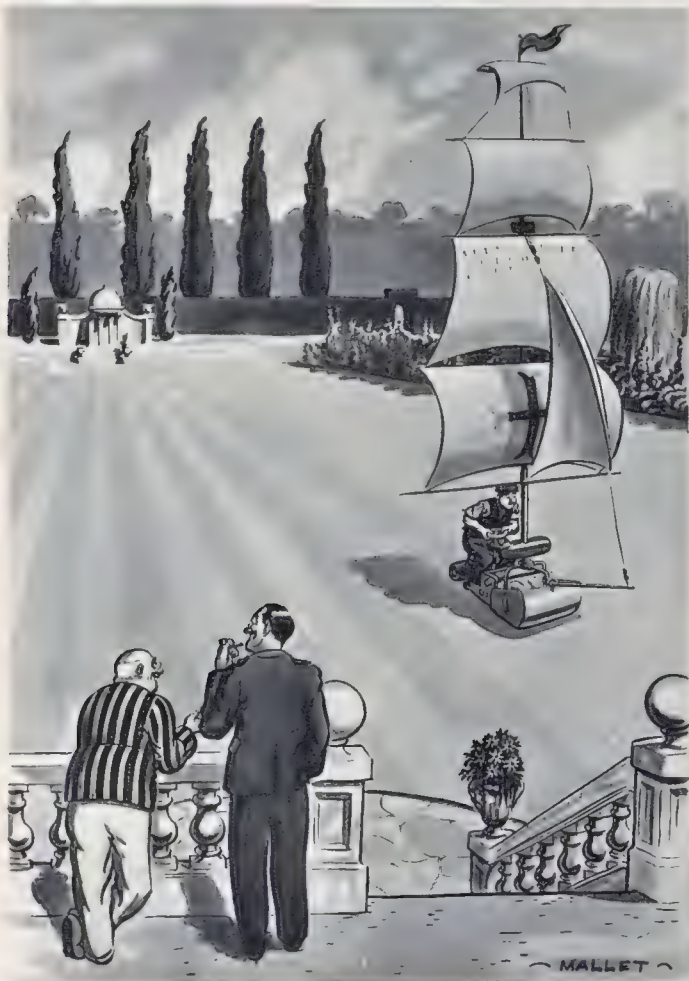
"What's the matter?" asked the sergeant. "Is there something missing?"

"Yessir," answered the recruit. "Hore-Belisha said there was a field-marshal's baton in every soldier's kit-bag. I can't find mine!"

THE first letter the family received from the pilot son stationed in the Near East told them to look out for a parcel which was on its way home.

There was great speculation in the house as to what weird and wonderful examples of native craft the parcel would contain.

Two days later it arrived. Its contents were seven shirts and lots of pairs of socks, together with the brief note: "Please wash and mend."



"That's our square-rigged cutter,
'Gone With the Wind'"

PAT, didn't you tell me that a brother of yours is a lawyer?" asked the parish priest.

"Yis, sor," replied Pat.

"And you a hod-carrier! The good things of life are not equally divided, are they?"

"They are not," said Pat. "Poor fellow—my brother couldn't do this to save his life!"

HE had quite recovered, but had fallen for his pretty nurse and didn't want to leave the hospital. So when she wasn't looking, he dipped the thermometer in a cup of hot tea.

Presently the nurse bustled in and told him to get ready to move out.

"But I feel awful this morning, nurse," he protested. "My temperature was up."

"Yes, I know," she replied very gently.

"Up to one hundred and twenty. You're dead. That's why we're moving you."



"Wot's this place like for fighting?"

"Lovely, mate; lovely!"

FOR EVERYONE UNDER THE SUN...



Elizabeth Arden's

SUMMER PREPARATIONS

Holidays may be few this Summer—brief and interrupted. But the sun will still shine. Whatever your Summer occupation—Elizabeth Arden Summer Preparations will safeguard your complexion. If you tan easily and naturally, use Elizabeth Arden's famous SUNTAN OIL in Honey or Café shades. If you are inclined to burn, SUNPRUF CREAM will enable you, according to the amount you use, to regulate your tan. To prevent tanning altogether, you need Elizabeth Arden's PROTECTA CREAM LOTION. Complete your Summer make-up with an Elizabeth Arden Lipstick. For the untanned, there is her delicate spring-like "Primula": for tanned beauties, "Burnt Sugar" or vivid "Chariot." And—as the final touch of Summer elegance—VELVA BEAUTY FILM clothes the legs in a smooth liquid stocking.

SUNTAN OIL 3/6 • SUNPRUF CREAM 3/6 • PROTECTA LOTION 6/6

LIPSTICK 6/6 • VELVA BEAUTY FILM (in 3 shades) 6/6

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W 1

THE TATLER
SHORT STORY

"LA-DI-DA"

By B. MONTAGU SCOTT

HE looked so sweet in his little sailor suits—they had even then decided upon the Navy. His mother swept him to the command of the Grand Fleet in a matter of moments. His mother was usually floating easily upon the clouds. The results usually justified his father's optimism.

But that was before they started hawking him round the film studios.

He really was a lovely little boy. But you've seen him, of course. You couldn't very well miss. There was that double life-size portrait of him that swung high over Leicester Square for so long, the one of him standing at salute to the Union Jack, holding most of an enemy fleet at bay with the little sword held in his other hand. That was the one that made most people sick.

Then there was the one done for *Hearts at Anchor*, at the *première* of which so many people were crushed to death.

It was *Pride of the Navy* that finally put his father and mother on Easy Street for the rest of their lives, and himself permanently upon the very hell of a little treadmill.

One unending stream of them. The sailor suits got a little bigger, but Jackie Jonathan was still good box-office.

Then Hollywood reached out for him.

That journey might have been the one thing of his childhood, but he was not allowed to have it. When it wasn't his mother, it was his manager. And the company's agent fought both of them and anybody else all the time. Once he escaped for a couple of hours. There was a panic. They found him, dirty and happy, in the fo'c'sle. They never let him out of their sight again.

He was a little gold-mine: all they had to do was to cash in.

His first film over there—"gigantic, colossal," and, of course, "stupendous"—justified all the initial expenses and then some, and that was Sam Gildenberg talking.

His mother was able to have her divorce in comfort. It debited Jackie's account some, and he had to pay his father a pretty steep allowance. He only drank himself to death with it in less than six months, but Jackie didn't save on that, because his mother's new husband was very expensive to keep, and more so to get rid of.

His mother had a whole run of bad luck in men after that. Expensive! But he could afford it.

He slid easily into youth. Tharin itself was unprecedented for prodigies. His precarious education and his isolation had resulted in a peculiarly stilted diction that attracted many and nauseated others. He had the courtesy and bearing of an elderly gentleman, allied to the charming personality of such a child as never was. They groomed and guided and guarded him. They managed him; that was what they were there for. As for what he wanted, what had that to do with it? Doubt if he knew!

He was twenty-two when war broke out. He was in England on one of the undertakings of Amalgamated. They were lending him to K.C.B.—at an enormous figure, of course.

He saw it. It was escape.

He got into the Navy. He had reckoned without Gildenberg and Co. They were after him like a shot. Gildenberg himself went down to —smooth.

He, too, started seeing things. He got the necessary permits and in a couple of days he had everything set. "Propaganda" covered it.

The fellows who got into the show enjoyed it, but they ragged Jackie. Sam Gildenberg's fault. Jackie, with his own tailors on the lot, his manicurist, his hairdresser, his dressers, and his make-up men who never left his side, dabbing and powdering and patting him continually. Somebody coined it then and it stuck—"La-di-da" he was, to the end.

Years after, when—but that is another story.

The film was a great success. Mr. Gildenberg made a lot more money, but Jackie lost his chance of making a pal. There were, too, so many "special permissions" that Jackie was devilish unpopular with his superiors. It might have stonewalled his chances if he had not been fighting for his life. He had at last found what he wanted and he was determined to keep it.

It was inevitable that many dirty jobs came his way, and that he seldom got deserved credit. If he spent money they thought he was swanking; if he didn't, that he was mean.

Gildenberg was "arranging" an exemption. Jackie laughed. Sam grew sentimental. After all he had done for Jackie,

he should show some "gratitood." Been like a father, he had, to Jackie.

Jackie laughed again. A father didn't mean much to him.

The war dragged along a bit and squarer pegs than Jackie began to fit. He earned his promotion. Not that you'd get anybody to believe it.

He was like a thoroughbred called upon to carry extra weight. He carried it.

He scored a bit of a success one night with a searchlight. It only served to remind them that he had been used to a spotlight—"La-di-da."

He was always willing to stand up to a spar with the gloves—out of his class, too. It was an added sport to "land one" on the famous features of "La-di-da."

They were out on a destroyer, waiting to join convoy, when the Commander called for volunteers. There was a little matter of research and experiment regarding a magnetic mine. The First Lieutenant needed five men. He got 'em. "La-di-da" was one.

The Commander looked him in the eye. He was a sailor. He hadn't much use for anything like la-di-da at the best of times. This could not be guaranteed to be one of those. Jackie faced him squarely.

The Lieutenant led the way. He explained the procedure. He allocated the positions and the rearrangement in case of "accident." His voice came back to them clear and distinct as he bobbed about blithely alongside certain death.

The Lieutenant had obtained what was needed and they were returning to the ship when an enemy plane appeared in the sky, immediately followed by two more. Reconnaissance, evidently, but seeing the destroyer they swooped. It wasn't much of a show. Their customary machine-gun act was extremely erratic, and they almost at once made off.

There was only one casualty. It was "La-di-da," and he was not seriously wounded; it was only his face.

His face! They looked at one another. His face!

"La-di-da" found his time in hospital pass quicker than he would have thought. So many of them found time to drop in on him from time to time. He was still swathed in bandages, and he was aching to get back.

It was, as usual, Mr. Gildenberg who voiced what others thought. He insisted upon seeing the scars. Afterwards he talked strenuously of plastic surgery, but he discovered that he was in a great hurry to get back to town.

His fears were realised. Right across the boy's handsome face streaked that ugly line. Jackie was out of pictures. He felt it his duty to warn Jackie that his chances in life were gone. Jackie laughed. He was free.

Sam sighed heavily and often as his enormous limousine sped him back. Why shouldn't he? He was losing money.

The world that had known Jackie Jonathan soon forgot him. In the world that he helps to run, those responsible to him know that it behoves them to "remember not to forget," as Sam Gildenberg would say.

"La-di-da" is a power to reckon with.

THE END.



"TIMON" AT OXFORD

Although the war has brought about the suspension of the dramatic activities of the O.U.D.S., undergraduate acting at Oxford has not been allowed to die out, and a society called "The Friends of the O.U.D.S." presented last week, in the Fellows' Garden at Exeter, Shakespeare's seldom-performed play *Timon of Athens*. In this picture are Mr. John Eyre, of B.N.C., as Alcibiades, and Miss Joan Foley as Phrynia

Three Virtues

If you find that the life of your stockings is inconsistent with their cost let us advise, quite casually, an investment in Bear Brand luxury stockings. Here the three cardinal virtues of Beauty, Durability and Economy are most cunningly blended. The cost of wearing these lovely stockings for quite a long time works out between 3/11 and 7/11 according to your mood—or your money



Bear Brand
Silk Luxury Stockings
3/11 · 4/11 · 5/11 · 6/11 · 7/11



AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

L'Armée de l'Air

ONE of the most notable things about the *Armée de l'Air* is the brightness and brilliance with which it adapts itself to special conditions. Certainly one of its best efforts was in the way it used cannon-firing aircraft to combat the German tanks in the early stages of the Battle of the Somme. As I write, that battle still sways, and no one can tell the outcome; but it has again shown the amazing powers of improvisation of the French, especially in their aviation work. For I do not think that there is the smallest doubt that in thus using aircraft cannon against tanks, the French have opened the way to a new air-war development—the anti-tank aeroplane, specially adapted for this particular work.

Let us hope that the war ends before such machines can be built and used. But if not, it is positive that they will constitute a serious obstruction to rapid tank movements of the kind in which the Germans have been specialising. It is rather curious that, in a book I wrote about fifteen years ago, I predicted an aircraft of the kind that would be suitable for anti-tank work. I described the machines I had in mind as: "Medium-sized aeroplanes, each carrying a single big gun, and possessing a better performance than a bomber." I went on to describe the kind of ground targets against which such aircraft would be tremendously useful, and I visualised "brigades of aerial artillery." It now seems that the new French development has gone some way in this very direction.

Shooting Skill

ANOTHER thing besides adaptability and powers of quick improvisation, in which the French Air Force excels, is

that of aerial gunnery. Many of the officers and men in the French service specialise in aerial gunnery, and train themselves to an extraordinary pitch of efficiency. They work largely with towed targets, and the number of hits they will get is really remarkable. In fact, when one reviews the situation at this grim moment at which I am writing, one must accept it that the

United States of America, to remedy the deficiency in numbers as quickly as is humanly possible. Lord Beaverbrook, as Minister of Aircraft Production, has made about the biggest clearance of red tape in the shortest time that has been known in history. He is getting things moving at top speed. As for the United States, they have been providing the *Armée de l'Air* with some of the aircraft which the French aircraft crews like very much indeed. Let us hope they will get more of them out there quickly enough.

Army Co-op.

IN the great battle for France which is now being waged, the Army Co-operation squadrons, both French and British, have been desperately busy. They do not often get the limelight, these Army Co-operation units, because their work is less spectacular than that of the bombing and fighting squadrons. But it is extraordinarily important work and extraordinarily dangerous and difficult work. British Army Co-operation squadrons have Army officers as pilots, which is why one often sees people wearing wings on Army tunics. The reason for this is an exact parallel to the reason for manning the Fleet Air Arm with Naval personnel.

Look for a moment at the kind of work which is done by the Army Co-operation squadrons. It includes shallow reconnaissance—photographic and other—contact work with ground forces, re-victualling troops cut off from the main body, as in the epic of the Calais garrison, message-carrying, transporting staff officers, observing for artillery, and low-flying attacks with small bombs and with machine-guns. One could hardly have a more varied series of duties. And it is to be remembered that many of them are of necessity done where the fire is thickest.



Lenarc

AIR EXPERTS AT HOME

"Experts" in the plural is abundantly justified, for while Mr. Frederick G. Miles is one of the country's leading aircraft designers, Mrs. Miles, who was Miss Maxine Forbes-Robertson, has also all the knowledge required to map out a pretty 'plane and is an adept pilot, having been the only woman among the original five Commissioners of the Civil Air Guard. Our picture shows them at their home, Land's End House, Twyford, with their children, Jeremy John and nine-months-old Mary

officers and men of the *Armée de l'Air* and of the Royal Air Force are without superior anywhere in the world, and that the only thing they have lacked in their struggle against the Germans is numbers.

So now we look to our industries, and especially to Lord Beaverbrook and to the



Stuart

A W.A.A.F. DETACHMENT

One of many similar groups throughout the country, this unit of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force is a valuable adjunct to a Royal Air Force station in the South Midlands. In the picture are: (l. to r., back row) A.C.W.2's Lincoln, Edmunds, Speller, Keeley, Boal, Smith; (second row) A.C.W.2's Boss, Monk, Jerome, Belcher, Lyn-Jones, Rattee, Henn, Masserg, Jones, Crouch, A.C.W.1 Lindley, Corp. Knowles; (sitting) A.C.W.2's Hewitt, Mills, Kelly, Sergt. Mitchener, Sergt. Williams, Assistant Section Officer Widgery, Commandant Hoften (Officer in Command), Assistant Section Officer Ives, Sergt. Essel, Sergt. Lamant, A.C.W.1 McGuinness, A.C.W.1's Boshier, Jones, Smith



Hosts who offer Schweppes infer
You're something of a connoisseur

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Stop When Challenged

THERE have been several cases of cars being shot up after failing to stop when challenged. So it behoves drivers to keep their eyes and ears open, especially at night, when they may encounter the Local Defence Volunteer on guard at all sorts of odd places. The usual signal is the waving of a flash-lamp down on the road, followed by a polite demand to see the driver's registration-card and licence. If these papers are not forthcoming, the authorities have power to make the driver return and produce them. And only the other day I heard of a motor-cyclist who was on his way to work without his card and had to go back and get it. Many people have pointed out that, to make the identification-card more forgery-proof, a photograph should be added and stamped, as is done in the case of passports. And the same might be done in the case of the driving-licence. For the enemy will not neglect the smallest detail in his plan to fool us.

Scotching the Traffic in Coupons

REGULATIONS have now been introduced to scotch the trafficking in petrol coupons which has been going on in a friendly sort of way during the past few months. Thus it is now illegal for one owner to hand over his surplus coupons to a friend or the local garagist. It is illegal, too, to hand over to a garage one month's coupons to be carried forward for use at a later date. And coupons that are not used must be returned to the local fuel controller for cancellation. On the other hand, people who use their cars either for work in connection with the Local Defence Volunteers or the Social Welfare Department of the War Office, which arranges for the meeting at night and conveyance home of troops on leave, will be reimbursed with coupons to cover their mileage. In the case of the latter service, the hours are from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m., further details being available from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1, or any of its provincial offices.

Car Dumps and Scrap Metal

IN a sixty miles' motor-coach journey to London I passed three or four used-car dumps. I saw no signs of them being ransacked for useful salvage, although the relics there must contain a lot of high-class steel, cast-iron, aluminium and tin. In some salvage plants these metals are carefully collected, sorted out, and returned to the foundries for melting up again. In peace time the dumps formed a hunting-ground for impecunious owners, who, instead of paying a pound or two for a new part, could, if their search were lucky, discover one for a few shillings by rummaging among the wrecks.

Tram-lines provide another good source for the replenishment of steel supplies. There are some 100,000 tons of obsolete rails up and down the country which form first-rate material for remelting. London is a long way behind some of the country towns in recovering this material, for about 40,000 tons are still lying idle on its streets. In the provinces, cities like Brighton, Cardiff, Halifax, Hull and Wakefield have all done splendid work, and by their enterprise materially increased our war resources.

Economy of Motor-coach Travel

THE recent increase in rail fares widens the gap between the cost of rail and road travel. Thus the fare from Oxford to London by rail is 8s. 5d., while the charge by coach is only 4s. 9d. A great saving is effected by taking a return ticket, for whereas a certain coach journey of 35 miles costs 3s. single, the return is only 4s. 6d. Of course, the express train is faster than the coach, but when it comes to the ordinary services or to a cross-country run, there is not much in it.

Finding the Way

THE removal of road signposts and even of milestone names was effected with extreme promptness. In some cases I noted the names, which were carved on milestones possibly in the coaching era, had been chipped out, and in others I was told the milestones had been removed bodily. With all this activity on the roads I was surprised that the names on the railway stations remained. Perhaps it was necessary to assist the travelling public, although one would have thought it would be easier to find the way by a name-blank rail system than on a signpost-less road.

How those unfamiliar with the British road system will get on I don't know. One always hits on a stranger when asking the way, and only the other day in Bristol I heard a motorist ask six people in succession the way to such-and-such a street. And not one of them had heard of it. The answer is a good map, always assuming that one can read it.

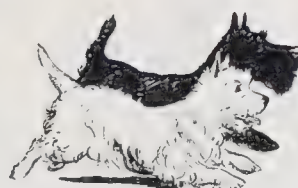
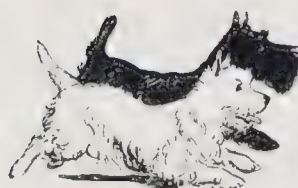
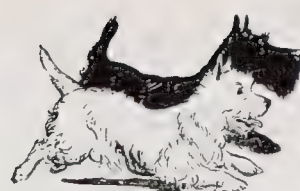
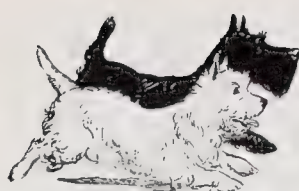
Havens of Refuge

MANY people are drifting West in search of sanctuary. For which reason let me commend a little book, "Let's Halt Awhile," which describes and illustrates some charming inns, hotels and places where they really make you feel at home. Its author, Ashley Courtenay, is a well-known expert in the choice of good ports of call. His latest guide, price 1/6, obtainable from 68, St. James's Street, S.W.1, deals with Devon, Cornwall and Somerset, while a map shows the position of his recommended places.

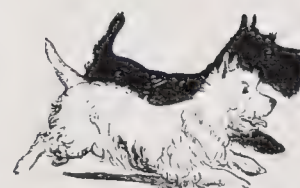


THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS—PERSONNEL BRANCH: BY "MEL"

This collection of the O.C. and officers of a most important branch of our Army was made at a certain famous centre which, for obvious reasons, may not be mentioned. Colonel O. P. Edgumbe, shortly before the outbreak, was Chief Signal Officer of a certain command. The officer who is having an unfortunate adventure with his cap is the artist himself, who is now Adjutant of this particular unit.



A good thing
always bears
repetition
**SO NEVER FAIL
TO ASK FOR...**



"BLACK & WHITE"
"It's the Scotch!"



Furs and Suits



THE tailored suit on the left bears the name of Hershelle. It is carried out in suiting; the arrangement of the stripes is particularly becoming. The coat is outlined with the plain material and finished with link buttons. As will be seen, the skirt is very cleverly pleated

THE suits illustrated are members of the Hershelle family, created by Bernstein, 9 Great Titchfield Street. The one above is of silk-backed marocain, introducing the new corselet line. The corsage is arranged with an organdie front, trimmed with lace, while white lace motifs appear on the neat bolero

THERE is a decided vogue for what may be termed "shaggy" furs; therefore the City Fur Store, 64 St. Paul's Churchyard, are making a feature of the same. It is natural wolf which has been used for the coat on the right. Strong points in its favour are that it is very light in weight and that the price is only 29 guineas. Hip-length natural American opossum coats, the skins beautifully worked and stranded, are 10½ guineas. Wonderful value is present in the natural silver fox stoles for 9½ guineas. It must also be related that fur repairs and alterations are being carried out at greatly reduced summer prices. The new catalogue is particularly interesting, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free on application



Photographs by Hugh White

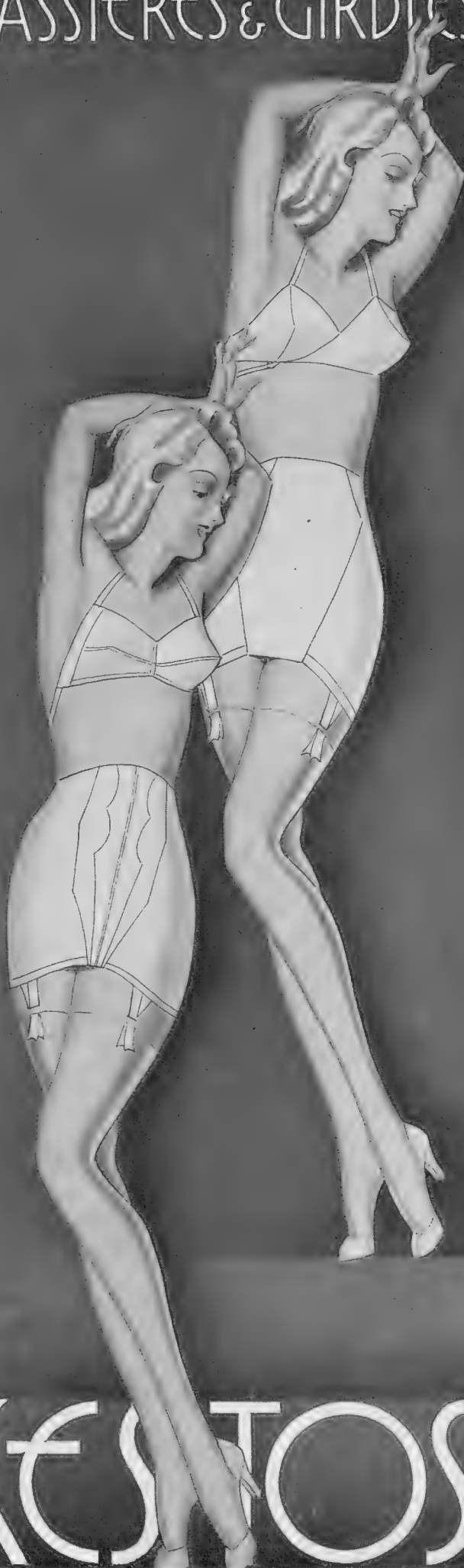


Woman in war-time dares not forgo the niceties of life, for the will to win of those who serve lies often in the remembrance of her loveliness. The fragrance of her presence is not the least exquisite of her charms. Created especially for daytime wear by the great parfumeur, Lenthéric, is Bouquet Lenthéric, the echo of a perfume, a light and delicate fragrance. There is a Bouquet recalling each of the glorious Lenthéric perfumes: Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai, Lotus d'Or, Numéro 12, Gardenia de Tahiti, Jasmin, Carnation. Flacons (as illustrated) at 5/6, 9/6 and 16/6.

Bouquet Lenthéric
the daytime fragrance

17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

BRASSIÈRES & GIRDLES



KESTOS

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W. 1.



MR. AND MRS. E. B. N. MITCHELL

Whose wedding took place recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was formerly Miss Charity Florence (Cherry) Bruce, second daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Bruce, and the bridegroom, Mr. Edward Bruce Noel (Bud) Mitchell, is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, of Essex

RECENT WEDDINGS



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. C. E. BATTERBEE

Whose wedding took place on June 8 at Chelsea Old Church. The bride was formerly Miss Grace P. Weightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weightman, of Harpenden, Hertfordshire, and her husband, Lieutenant Christopher E. Batterbee, Royal Marines, is the son of Sir Harry Batterbee, High Commissioner for U.K. in New Zealand



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. J. C. SEWARD

Whose wedding took place recently at St. Mary's Church, The Boltons. The bride was formerly Miss Susan Elizabeth Tyte, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Tyte, of 7c Abbey Road, N.W.8, and her husband, Lieutenant James C. Seward, is the son of Major and Mrs. R. R. Seward, of 11 Marcham Court, Westminster



MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1. 172 REGENT ST., W.1
2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4 LONDON

MANUFACTORY THE ROYAL WORKS SHEFFIELD

The life of PRINCE'S PLATE has yet to be ascertained. Spoons and Forks made and sold over 30 years ago are still in daily use without the slightest sign of deterioration

This fumed oak Cabinet contains a service of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks and 'Trustworthy' Cutlery for EIGHT people. Prices range from (Rat-tail pattern Spoons and Forks) £18 0 0 to (Tudor, Pembury or Athenian pattern Spoons & Forks) £20 0 0

CATALOGUES FREE

There is a full range of Prince's Plate at each of our London Showrooms, or a beautifully illustrated Catalogue of Spoons, Forks, Cutlery, Canteens and Household Plate is yours for the asking.

WEDDING PRESENTS—GIVE PRINCE'S PLATE IT LASTS A LIFETIME

Keep YOUR complexion..



Matt as alabaster

To the touch, to the eye, the charm of alabaster lies in its exquisite texture... always so perfectly matt, so beautifully smooth. To give your skin the same irresistible charm just use Crème Simon M.A.T.—the new and different foundation cream. It doesn't merely smear your skin with superficial smoothness. *It actually becomes part of your skin*, imparting a lovely matt finish by its tonic action on the tissues. That is why it prevents grease and shine from forming. Keeps your complexion as matt as alabaster—all day long.

Crème SIMON *M.A.T.*
(MATT - ACTIVE - TONIC)

Jars 6d., 1/3 & 2/3. Tubes 6d. & 1/6. From Chemists hairdressers & Stores

THE NEW — DIFFERENT — FOUNDATION CREAM

Introducing Sunshine Wear

Finnigans specialise in harmonious ensembles — from shoes to hat



From the Ready-to-wear Department: an inexpensive washable Summer Dress in Fancy Linen giving the appearance of lace. Contrasting belt of suede. Colours: White, Navy, Buttercup, Apple Green, Cherry, Dusty Pink, Sky and Turquoise Blue. Sizes: 36", 38", 40". Hips 42". **79/6**

Finnigans

and a handbag — of course!



Something very new: to go beautifully with the Fancy Linen Dress: a handbag in White Calcutta Calf. Fitted with top-opening purse and mirror. Size 8 1/2" x 8".....21/-

FINNIGANS LIMITED

LONDON . 17/20 New Bond St., W.1 . . . MANCHESTER . 123 Deansgate, 3

The Home Front—(Cont. from page 446)

soon as leave was permitted. The bride's parents live at Ballyalloy, County Down.

The re-opening of the World's Fair in New York more or less coincided with the birth in Dublin of a fourth son to Michael Scott, architect of the Irish Pavilion, who was honoured last year by Mayor La Guardia. (His namesake, the former great golfer, has been married for the second time at the age of sixty-one.) The younger Michael Scotts are among the genial couples often seen in the Hibernian Buttery where my Erse agent saw Le Broquy, the portrait painter, and his lovely wife whose picture was a peaceful highlight of this year's Hibernian Academy.

More Irish News

Lady Maffey, mother of Mrs. Bill Aitken, and wife of the British representative in Dublin, went to London last month expressly to call on the Queen of the Netherlands. No doubt Sir John has been kept busy translating the British Government's views to Mr. De Valera, and vice versa. The De Valeras have acquired a new house with the not-so-Irish-sounding-name "Herberton," almost opposite their old home in Blackrock. It used to belong to Judge Green, some of whose furniture Mr. De Valera bid for at the recent auction. Apparently the garden is the great attraction; the Irish leader is going to grow vegetables.

Mrs. De Valera must be one of the least interviewed wives of prominent men. Like the wife of another Irishman, G. B. Shaw, she eschews direct and reflected glory, consistently refusing to meet the Press, or to be photographed. She is the author of several plays in Erse for children. Her earliest literary work was performed in Dr. Oliver Gogarty's garden in Ely Place. (This celebrated *locale*, which once belonged to George Moore, is about to be turned into an art gallery.)

Mrs. De Valera taught the Irish language before she married; her husband being a member of her class. Four of their children live at home—the eldest son, Vivion, Rory, Eamon the doctor, and Emer the younger daughter. The elder, Mairin, is a lecturer on botany at Galway University. Until the outbreak of war she was studying in Upsala, which those who now thumb their atlases every day will find in another neutral country, Sweden.

In Dublin the arts are not yet blacked out. Deirdre MacDonagh and Jack Longford, who inaugurated "The Contemporary Picture Shop" about two years ago, arranged Eugene Judge's recent exhibition. He is exceedingly modern, and was still studying in Paris when the war broke the charmed circles of Montparnasse. Deirdre MacDonagh is the stage name of Mrs. Hinkson. Her mother-in-law was that lovely Irish poetess, Katherine Tynan, some of whose talent has descended to her daughter Pamela Hinkson. M. Duhamel of the French Legation found time to open young Judge's exhibition, while Doctor Walter Starkie, that remarkable and versatile don (whose knowledge of Spain and of the Romany language is comparable with Hilaire Belloc's knowledge of France) opened Richard Pearsall's exhibition of pictures appropriately painted in Spain. His work will have historic interest; one canvas depicts the Cervantes Inn beneath the Alcazar, now no more. Richard Pearsall's father was a doctor friend of Whistler's. Note, there is a new book out, "Whistler's Mother," by Elizabeth Mumford.

Last week Lord Longford put on *She Stoops to Conquer* as the final item of his summer season at the Dublin Gate. Looking back on this year's plays my correspondent repeats her praise for *Sea Change*, Lady Longford's play about Shelley, which uses the last years of his life in Italy, and Byron as a minor character. I find it hard to see how Lady Longford, or any other dramatist,

could make a success of Byron in a small part; he always played the lead in life. Another play which set Dublin talking was *Mount Prospect* by Elizabeth O'Connor who first wrote it in the form of a novel which was banned by the Eire Censor! It deals with a kind of female Tartuffe in the Irish bogs. Ria Mooney, who took the lead, learnt some of her technique from Eva Le Gallienne with whose company she acted in New York. An American citizen, Miss Le Gallienne is the youngest daughter of the Mancunian poet, Richard Le Gallienne, and of Denmark's first woman journalist who fortunately went to America for the duration. The "gloomy Dane" in her heredity helps this actress to be great in Ibsen.

The War in Yorkshire

Local Defence is going strong in Sheffield. The Special Constabulary, headed by Messrs. Macro, Wilson and Siddons, have been extremely active ever since the war, and now their duties include Parachute Defence. The local Volunteer Corps has been organized by a group of those who served through the last war—Colonel Neill, Colonel Wilkinson, Colonel William Howson (brother of Brigadier-General Harold Howson who is now on active service), Colonel Middleton and Mr. Mark Firth. Another helper is Mr. "Tony" Barker. He and his wife are first-class golf and lawn tennis players. Their house in Sheffield has a fine array of cups won singly and together.

We regret that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, it has been impossible to incorporate the usual Ladies' Kennel Association Notes in the TATLER for the past few weeks. We hope to be able to resume this feature very shortly, and in the meantime refer members and readers who want advice to: Miss Bruce, "Nuthooks," Cadnam, Southampton.

JAY'S SALE IS NOW ON

WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

FIRST FLOOR

BLOUSES
LINGERIE
FURS and
EXCLUSIVE MODEL
DRESSES

SECOND FLOOR

COATS & SKIRTS
TWO-PIECES
DAY and
EVENING DRESSES

GROUND FLOOR

COATS
KNITWEAR
BAGS
GLOVES and
HOSIERY

JAY'S, REGENT ST., W.1



Over and under the eyes permanently rejuvenated. Unretouched photograph before and after treatment.

10,000 men and women have already benefited by this exclusive method. Ask for free literature or call for a free consultation. Tel. Pad. 5912

A YOUTHFUL FACIAL APPEARANCE IS IMPERATIVE TO HEALTH AND SUCCESS

All intelligent men and women realize the importance of the facial appearance free from pouches under the eyes, loss of contour or other signs of age, worry or ill-health. The Hystogen Method of facial rejuvenation including also the correction of noses, ears, scars, skin flaws, moles and red veins, is practised by a famous Swiss Specialist at the Hystogen Institute, 30 Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, W.1. Grateful clients are continually offering to show the results on their own faces to convince the timid and sceptical.

THE TATLER IN WARTIME

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of THE TATLER each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can now be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

Those desiring to have THE TATLER sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder:—

ON SALE EVERY WEDNESDAY—1/-

	12 months including Xmas Number £ s. d.	6 months including Xmas Number £ s. d.	6 months No Extras £ s. d.	3 months No Extras s. d.
Inland	3. 3. 0	1. 12. 9	1. 10. 3	15. 3
Canada	3. 0. 8	1. 11. 5	1. 9. 3	14. 9
Elsewhere Abroad	3. 11. 9	1. 17. 2	1. 14. 8	17. 6

TO AVOID Pain and discomfort AFTER MEALS

Why should you dread mealtimes, and suffer such discomfort afterwards?

If acid is turning your food tough and making it impossible for your stomach to digest it, take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will relieve the acidity at once, and therefore banish your indigestion; and it need never return. Buy the Tablets now and save yourself another attack.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-.

Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

It's NEW-
it's FREE!



Send today
for YOUR
copy of this
useful Rib-
bon and
Sewing
Hints
Booklet

Don't miss a good thing! This valuable booklet not only contains actual patterns of Cash's large range of dainty ribbons, but also many helpful sewing hints.

Cash's
Ribbons

J. & J. Cash Ltd., Dept. B.2, Coventry
Please send me a FREE copy of 'Cash's
Ribbons and Lingerie Sewing Hints.'

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....



Once, health had no 'war of nerves' to fight. Indeed, the human constitution is not fitted to stand the strain to which we are now subjected. The article below shows how science, in the shape of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, upholds nature in this unequal struggle.

What doctors say about Nerves

"Civilisation," says the doctor of to-day, "is responsible for many bodily disorders for which, in some cases, medical science finds it hard to suggest a remedy. Luckily this is not the case with one of the most typical disorders of this modern age—nervous exhaustion. Here we know definitely that sufferers lack two essential elements—organic phosphorus and protein—and that the administration of these elements in chemical combination is sure to put matters right again."

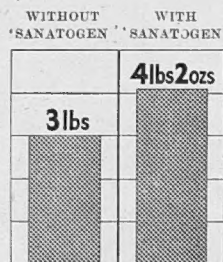
This is the whole secret of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It consists only of these two elements. It has no "filling" or "bulking" constituent. Moreover, in 'Sanatogen' alone can you find these two constituents chemically combined. That is why 'Sanatogen' is so readily absorbed into the system; why it so quickly revitalises exhausted nerves and builds up rich red blood; why it so surely gives you new energy, new vigour and increased resistance to illness.

Remember, too, that 'Sanatogen' is a food, not a mere pick-me-up. The good it does is permanent. Invalids, old people, children and even diabetics can take it easily and with great benefit.

Now you will understand why 26,721 Doctors have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'; why a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons, during the 1914-18 war, that 'Sanatogen' is "a national necessity for preserving good nerves"; why you and your family should start a course to-day.

PROOF. How 'Sanatogen' builds bodies.

A writer in *The Practitioner* reports: "I weighed, weekly, eleven children convalescent from scarlet fever to whom 'Sanatogen' was given, and fourteen other convalescent children of about the same ages, in as nearly as possible the same conditions. I found that the average gain in weight of the children getting 'Sanatogen' was, in five weeks, 4 lbs. 2 ozs., and of those not getting 'Sanatogen' was just under 3 lbs." A striking proof of the body-building power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.



'SANATOGEN'
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists
in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Swan & Edgar THE SALE of Sales . . .

A wonderful opportunity for lovely things at Sale Prices



Twin Set

in excellent
botany yarn.
In navy, red
clay, mellow gold, Paris blue, rose-bloom
or Kent green. Medium size only.

Twin Set .. SALE PRICE 18/-

Post free

Jumper 7/6

Post 4d.

Cardigan 10/6

Post free

Restric Suit

needs no intro-
duction. The
perfect suit for
freedom of
movement.
Coat may be
worn over so
many other
garments,
apart from its
own smart
skirt. In navy,
tan, tur-
quoise, nig-
ger, green.
Size S.W., W.,
W.X.

SALE PRICE

50/-



Charming Boucle Jumper

exceptionally cool and
right for summer wear
In string, sea
green, pink,
sky, red or
white. Sizes
S.W. and W.

SALE PRICE

15/-



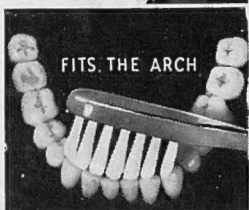
SWAN & EDGAR LTD., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1

LONDON SECRETARY 'INSURES HER TEETH' FOR 4^d A MONTH

Here is a young lady who likes to use as many as 4 Tek toothbrushes a year. Now this actually costs her 4/- a year more than if she used 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. But in her opinion that is not much to spend on a guarantee for her lovely white teeth. She doesn't want to lose them!



1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The toothbrush with a **PLAN**

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly—to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush, but don't expect a TEK.

Tek

2/-
THE BEST
TEETH POLICY

SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON
MADE IN ENGLAND

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

happy event!

Happy's the word! Du Barry maternity dresses are designed for the modern mother who means to enjoy life. They feature the simplest, cleverest device for easy adjustment that you can imagine. Sounds like luxury, but this dress is only 65/-.

Others from 2 gns. Order by post with confidence or visit in privacy our West-end showroom. Write to-day for beautiful folio of Paris designs sent free on request. Please mention this paper when replying.

Du Barry
MATERNITY WEAR

9-10, MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1.
AMBassador 1360

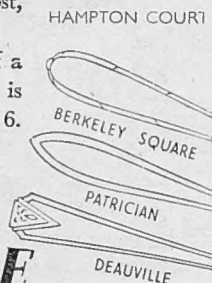


THIS attractive Presenteen by Community Plate meets present demands exactly. It enables you to take your cutlery from town to country house with ease. It is light, compact, strong and holds a full service for six. It is offered at less than half the cost, plus the cost of the contents.

The design illustrated is "Hampton Court." The cost of a full service for six as illustrated, including presenteen, is £11. 18. 6. With Ivorine handled cutlery the cost is £9. 10. 6.

A catalogue of canteens in Oak and Walnut, together with a copy of "Table Knowledge" by Joan Woolcombe, is available free from Community, 189(P) Regent Street, London, W.1.

COMMUNITY PLATE



KERSHAW'S BINOCULARS

Order from your dealer or write for full illustrated details to **SOHO LTD.** 3, SOHO SQUARE W.1

View your favourite sport through the "SPORTSMAN" Binocular. This novel instrument has an instant appeal for all sport enthusiasts and theatre goers, since it is comfortable to wear and leaves the hands free. Weight 3 ozs. Price £2.15.0

There is a big range of Kershaw Binoculars to suit every purpose and pocket.

Remember—I'll want lots of **SNAPS**



There's no need to pack up your hobby. You can take all the pictures you like so long as you do not infringe the Government Order against taking ships, aircraft, other scenes or objects of naval and military importance. Get the utmost out of your pictures—send them to Will R. Rose to be developed and printed. Every single print examined by experts to ensure best results.

'MAGNA PRINTS' (regd.) are superb for bringing out details in small negatives. No. 2 Brownie and smaller sizes printed 4 1/2 x 3 1/2 at standard prices.

Send your developing & printing to

WILL R. ROSE

(Dept. B) LTD.
23 Bridge Street Row, Chester
133 & 134 High Street, Oxford
25 The Promenade, Cheltenham

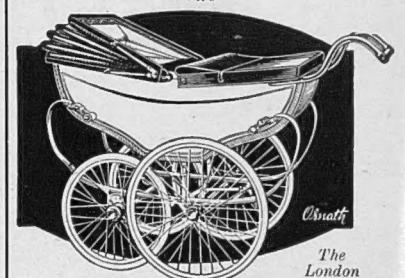
The very latest achievement in **Baby Carriages**



There is a best in everything—in Baby Carriages it is

OSNATH

THE PRAM WITH THE FLOATING MOTION



Produced by the firm with 66 years of experience, the model illustrated is the very last word in perfection—comfort, beauty, ease and balance!... Write for the new art catalogue in colour to **Ashton Bros. & Phillips Ltd.** 19, Osnath Works, Warrington.

AERTEX

lets the body breathe

ENGLISH HOTELS

REST FOR MIND AND BODY

A LONG WEEKEND OR A FEW DAYS ANY TIME AT THE

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

IS A WONDERFUL TONIC

Laze in the long sun lounge. Bathe in the sea from the Hotel. Enjoy the good English food and the comfort and serenity of this famous Hotel. There is Golf, Tennis, Bowls and all kinds of entertainments if you want them

WARTIME TERMS FROM 13/6 per day inclusive

PHONE: HASTINGS 869

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

BOURNEMOUTH

FORTFIELD HOTEL

SIDMOUTH S. DEVON

Standing in its own ground overlooking the sea.

Self-contained Suites. Finely appointed Public Rooms. Passenger Lift and every modern convenience. H. & C. in all rooms. Fully Licensed. Lock-up Garages. For Bookings or Brochure, write Resident Manager, Mr. E. G. Russell, Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon.

Telegrams: Fortfield, Sidmouth

Telephone: Sidmouth 39

SCOTTISH HOTELS

AVIEMORE HOTEL

STRATHSPEY INVERNESS-SHIRE

(On the main north road, 30 miles south of Inverness)

Today, more than ever, Aviemore will come as a haven of peace and rest. Here amid the tonic air of the pine woods you will find a sanctuary far removed from the rush and nerve strain of the outer world

Send for booklet and particulars to Manager Telephone: Aviemore 211 A.A. and R.A.C.

THE MARINE HOTEL

NORTH BERWICK
RENOWNED AT HOME AND ABROAD

Splendidly situated, overlooking sea and Golf Course. 23 miles from Edinburgh. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor.

Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Many private suites. Garage in grounds. Terms on application. Manager: W. A. THIEM. Telephone 366.

HARROGATE

Take a
CURE and HOLIDAY

AT THE
NATION'S SPA

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS OF THE 'ALL-INCLUSIVE CURE', HOLIDAY GUIDE & HOTEL ACCOMMODATION TO A. WILSHIRE, INFORMATION BUREAU

TRAVEL BY RAIL with a MONTHLY RETURN TICKET

The Best Shops Sell

Bernella

Frocks of the Better Kind

J. COWEN & CO. LTD., 1 BERNERS STREET, W.1 (Wholesale Only)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST
FOR FREE BOOKLET



"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN"
BY NURSE DREW

RENDELLS

PRODUCTS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

If you wish, write to NURSE DREW, VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

Advertisers would appreciate
your mentioning

THE TATLER
when replying to their
announcements

TORBAY HOTEL

TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 bedrooms

WRITE FOR TARIFF T



100 State Express 555's may
be sent DUTY FREE to
H.M. Navy and B.E.F. for
4/-, postage paid.

STATE EXPRESS 555

As smoked by
those who prefer
Quality

Men in the higher ranks of life, in the Services and in private life, prefer really fine cigarettes to a few more of an ordinary brand. They smoke 555's because they have proved for themselves that no finer cigarette is obtainable.

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD



Now as in 1914 Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the recognised skin protective for the Services. The antiseptic lather of Wright's is a safeguard that you can give him.

SEND HIM A BOX OF

WRIGHT'S

THE SAFE
SOAP

Coal Tar Soap

AVOID
IMITATIONS

ZUG

UPPER LEATHER
for perfect golf comfort

Invest in a pair of Golf Shoes with Zug Uppers and realize what perfect foot comfort means. Zug Leather is so pliable that it fits snugly, and so tough that it stands up to any amount of hard wear. And, withal, it is thoroughly water-resisting.

Obtainable at most good shoe stores, but in case of difficulty apply to us for name of nearest stockist.



W. & J. MARTIN, TANNERS, BRUNSWICK STREET, GLASGOW



SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

MEDIUM
OR MILD
PLAIN OR
CORK TIPS
10 for 8½^d
20 for 1¼^d



Player's Please

PLAYER'S TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES AT DUTY FREE PRICES FOR MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR DETAILS

N.C.C. 523C